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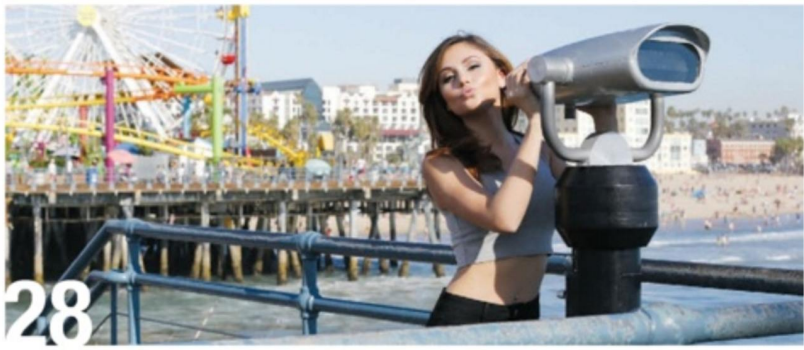
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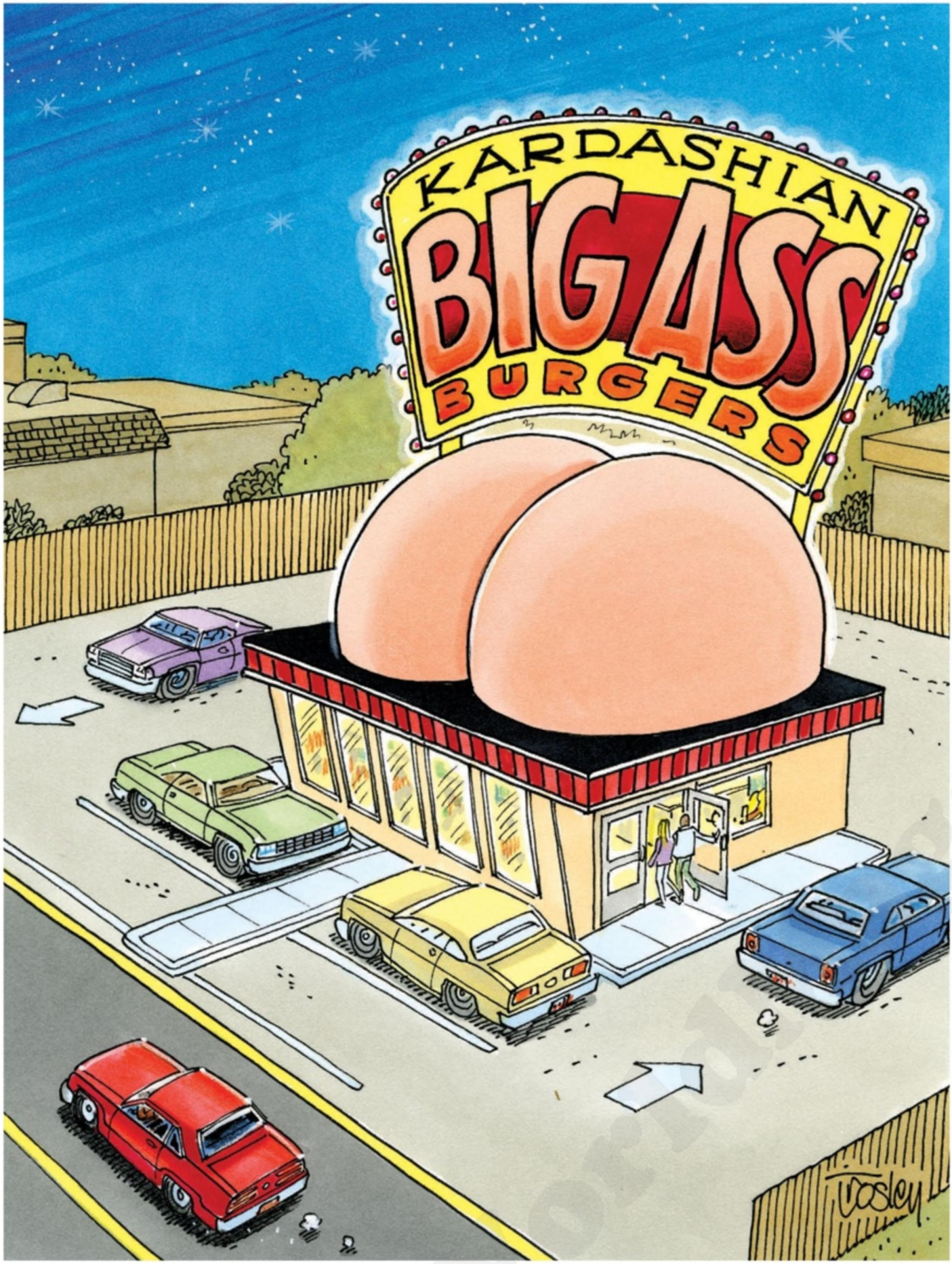






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Cover photo by Tammy Sands

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FIRE SALE: AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

Wealthy elites have always exercised a disproportionate influence in the political realm, but in 21st century America they now completely rule the roost. Our democracy has degenerated into a full-fledged oligarchy—and that's not just leftist boilerplate, but the verdict of a new study by two scholars at Princeton University. Martin Gilens and Benjamin Page examined 1,800 policy initiatives from 1981 to 2002 and concluded that the will of the majority of voters is routinely ignored by politicians owned lock, stock and barrel by rich donors.

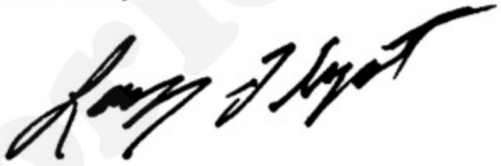
When Franklin Roosevelt was campaigning by whistle-stop, it didn't cost millions of dollars. But nowadays candidates for the House average over $1 million in campaign contributions. For the Senate, it's over $10 million. For President, it's over $100 million—not including all the money spent by super PACs.

In 2010 the *Citizens United* Supreme Court decision allowed for unlimited money to flood political campaigns. The result? Ultrarich kingmakers, like casino magnate Sheldon Adelson, can now virtually dictate candidates. These days "a handful of donors can dramatically alter a campaign with just a check or two," notes influential ezine *Politico*.

Vermont Senator Bernie Sanders, one of the more honest politicians in Washington, has entered the 2016 Presidential race, but he is already being dismissed by the press lords and pundits as lacking "seriousness" because, in Sanders' words, "Billionaires do not flock to my campaign."

Journalist Matt Taibbi sums it up well: "Thus this whole question of 'seriousness'…should really be read as a profound indictment of our political system, which is now so openly an oligarchy that any politician who doesn't have the blessing of the bosses is marginalized before he or she steps into the ring."

Without serious campaign finance reform, we might as well regard American democracy as a quaint institution relegated to the history books.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

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USELESS SPYING

TRASHING PRIVACY WHILE WASTING A TON OF MONEY ISN'T PROTECTING US FROM TERRORIST THREATS.

They are such liars! Since September 2001 the government's secrecy spooks have insisted that their indiscriminate monitoring of our phone calls, emails, financial transactions and reading habits is necessary to protect us from terrorists. But evidence is mounting that the NSA, CIA and FBI are full of it.

There is not a single provable instance that this scuttling of our Constitutional privacy rights has made us safer. The example President Barack Obama drummed up in defense of continuing the post-9/11 mass surveillance was proved false: hijacker Khalid al-Mihdhar, who had traveled all too easily between the Middle East and Southern California on a valid Saudi Arabian passport.

But surveillance of the entire U.S. population to figure out what Mihdhar was up to was unnecessary. The al-Qaeda operative was reportedly living in the San Diego apartment of an FBI informant. He was also quite visible on the radar of the CIA, which had been closely monitoring his movements without spotting any danger signs. It was Mihdhar's team that crashed a passenger plane into the Pentagon on 9/11.

Mihdhar was much like the suspects named in the Boston Marathon bombings and the *Charlie Hebdo* massacre in Paris. They too were well known to various law-enforcement agencies, and one of the alleged *Charlie Hebdo* assassins had served time in a French prison. The problem was not in failing to collect enough personal information on *all* Americans, but rather in connecting the dots on a few known subjects who truly mattered.

That was the goal of William Binney, a veteran NSA cryptanalyst who helped develop the ThinThread data-mining program in the 1990s. ThinThread was sensitive to the privacy of Americans by selectively parsing data instead of sweeping up every bit of meaningless minutia on the entire population. Once collected, the encrypted information would be stored until a court authorized its use.

ThinThread was producing excellent results in test trials, but the project was shelved three weeks before the 9/11 attacks! Amid the ensuing hysteria, NSA honchos grabbed Binney's finely tuned program, renamed it Trailblazer, stripped it of its Constitutionally required privacy restraints and turned its selective culling of suspicious occurrences in the data into a massive vacuuming of all data. Intelligence analysts were overwhelmed.

Binney, who resigned in October 2001, and others on his team complained to NSA officials and a Congressional committee about the egregious waste of taxpayers' money on intrusive surveillance programs that would not be effective, most notably one known as Stellarwind. In July 2007 about a dozen gun-wielding FBI agents burst into Binney's home and terrorized him and his family.

No formal charges were ever filed over the FBI's suspicion that Binney and his colleagues, whose homes had also been raided, had leaked information on Stellarwind to the media. They hadn't, but everyone in this country had a right to know that their tax dollars were being squandered and their privacy rights trampled for no good purpose.

Mired as it was in the swamp of irrelevant mass data, Stellarwind was doomed to fail for just that reason. The sorry news finally came out not because of Binney or another whistleblower, but because the Obama Administration's own evaluation of the program was made public. On April 24, 2015, the *New York Times* published a newly declassified document in which Stellarwind was assessed by the inspectors general for five intelligence and law-enforcement agencies dealing with national security.

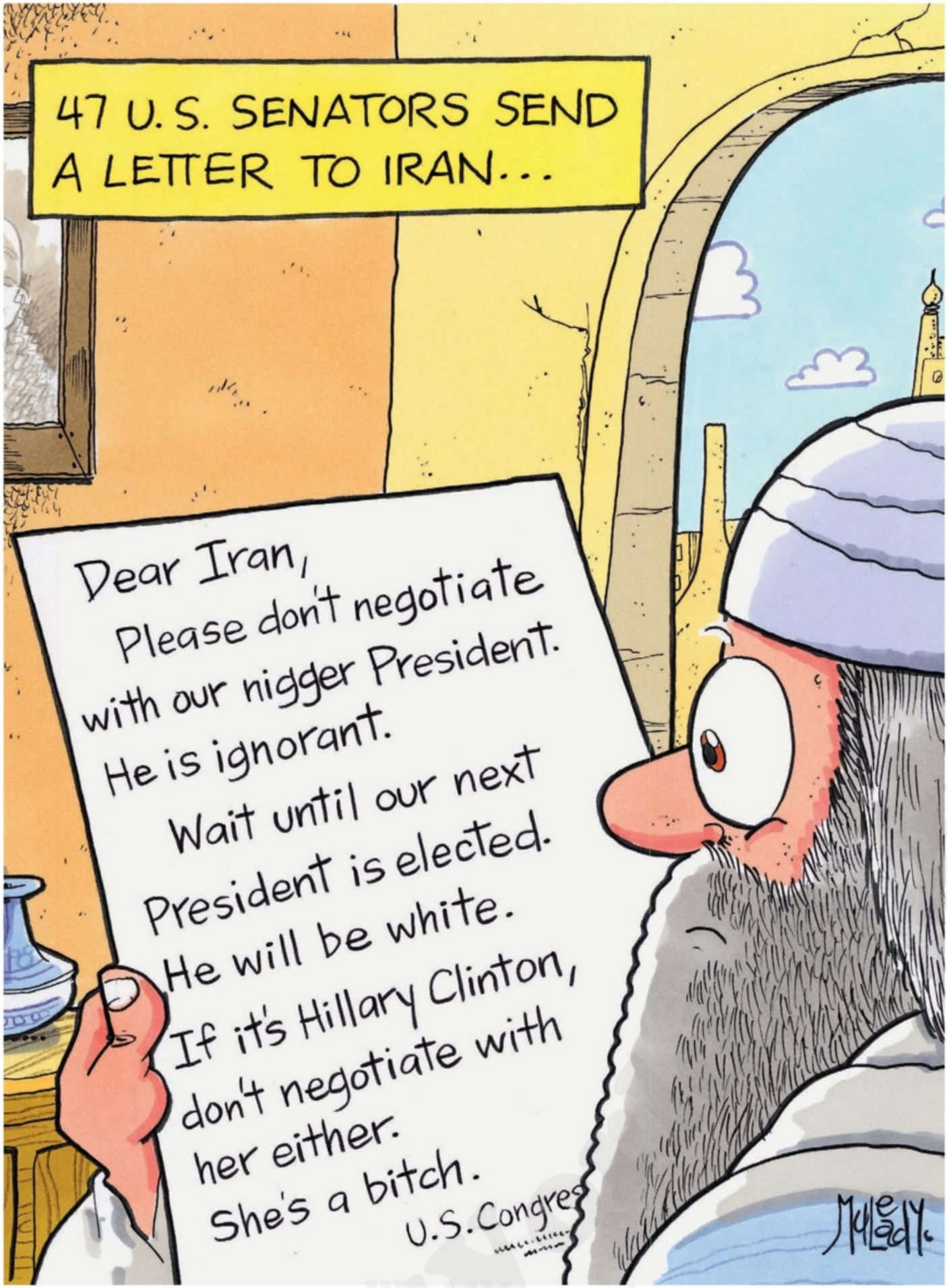
As the *Times* noted, "the FBI reviewed all the leads from the warrantless wiretapping part of Stellarwind between August 2004 and January 2006. None had proved useful."

William Binney had been saying that massive surveillance programs would be a costly bust from the very start. After almost four decades at the NSA, his reward for excellent work and speaking the truth was getting G-men's guns thrust in his face. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



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47 U.S. SENATORS SEND A LETTER TO IRAN...
Dear Iran,
Please don't negotiate with our nigger President.
He is ignorant.
Wait until our next President is elected.
He will be white.
If it's Hillary Clinton, don't negotiate with her either.
She's a bitch.
U.S. Congress
McLeady



"This has been Fox News—keeping the uninformed misinformed. Good night."

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MAINSTREAM MEDIA STRIKES IT RICH

SPECIAL REPORT: BIG MONEY BANKROLLS YOUR NEWS SOURCES TO BUY ELECTIONS.

When the U.S. Supreme Court, in the now-infamous *Citizens United* case, ruled that corporations, associations and labor unions may spend as much as they'd like to influence (buy!) elections, it helped blow the wheels off of whatever was left of our democracy.

CQ Roll Call's Eliza Newlin Carney, one of the few journalists focusing on the money-and-democracy beat, said the Court's 2010 decision "ushered in a Gilded Age for the booming political consulting industry." She noted that more than $13.6 billion was spent during the three major campaign cycles since the floodgates were opened.

University of California, Irvine professor Richard L. Hasen—a nationally recognized expert in election law and campaign-finance regulation—bemoaned that "democracy has become a cash cow."

An unprecedented amount of money has swamped our electoral system. It's a big story, and not just for those of us in the alternative media. Traditional news outlets can't totally ignore what's happening, but their coverage rarely, if ever, acknowledges the greatest beneficiary of that payola: the mainstream media.

Where is the bulk of all that campaign cash actually going? Into the pockets of newspaper publishers and, to a much larger extent, the owners of TV and radio stations in the form of campaign ads. Little wonder the mainstream media pays so little attention to the corporate takeover of the electoral process. Now that the Internet is changing everything in the mass-communication industry, a huge influx of windfall revenue is a lifeline.

In April 2014 the Supreme Court dissolved even more campaign-finance restrictions. Its *McCutcheon* v. *Federal Election Commission* decision allows individuals to make donations to as many candidates and political parties as they can afford. Former broadcast journalist turned media activist Sue Wilson predicted the floodgates would open even further. "The same companies which operate on our publicly owned airwaves stand to gain the most from *McCutcheon* and its earlier obscene counterpart, *Citizens United*," she wrote at the time.

Wilson was right on the money. According to the *Washington Post*, an estimated $2.4 billion was spent on political advertising during the 2014 election cycle alone.

Yes, gobs of cash can buy politicians, but it can also buy broadcasters. Programming schedules have even been adjusted to allow more time to air all that propaganda.

"Political ads in Iowa are running nonstop on Des Moines station WHO-DT," the *Post* reported days before the 2014 midterm elections. "And it can hardly keep up with the demand. At a time when fewer people are watching news on TV, the station added an hour-long daily news program focused on politics—and hired four journalists to fill the time—just so it can sell more lucrative commercials featuring scenes such as Republican candidate [now U.S. Senator] Joni Ernst surrounded by snorting hogs."

Do you really think temps would shine a light on the scourge of filthy-rich donors buying our elections when the station that hired them was taking in buckets of money from candidates and their parties? Those four journalists had *Citizens United* and *McCutcheon* to thank for getting their TV gig. Why spoil a good thing?

It's no surprise that political ads bombarded viewers in the large markets of New York and Los Angeles along with swing states like Florida and Ohio in 2014. But, as the *Washington Post* reported, bonus ad money was also "flooding into modest local stations in Alaska, Arkansas and Kansas—many unaccustomed to such demand because they are not in traditional presidential battleground states."

The *Post* quoted an advertising exec, who said, "Nonpolitical advertisers are getting crowded off the air by independent groups willing to pay top dollar to influence campaigns."

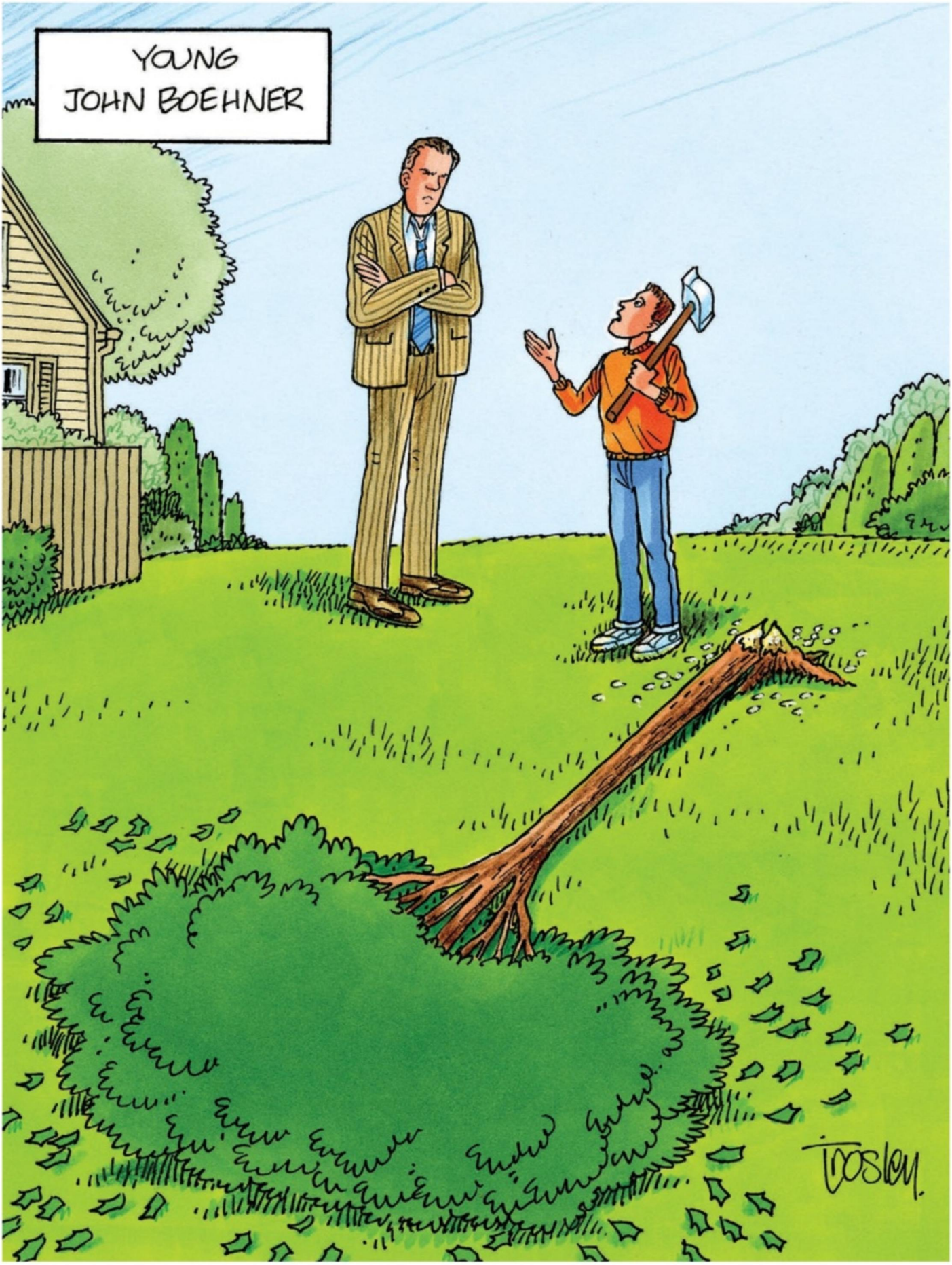
The corruption of our electoral system following the Supreme Court's demolition of campaign-finance regulations is as obvious as it is maddening. But if you're wondering why your favorite corporate media entities aren't voicing much, if any, outrage about the explosion in campaign spending by the millionaire/billionaire class in America, why should they? They're the big winners. And, in case you haven't noticed by now, We the People are the big losers. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"Of course I have selfish reasons for supporting Hillary's run for the White House. I want another blowjob in the Oval Office—this time from a President!"

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"I cannot tell a lie…the Democrats did it!"

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TOM COTTON

Tom Cotton, the freshman senator from Arkansas, has stormed Capitol Hill like a fire-breathing Godzilla, determined to demolish any moves toward diplomacy, peace and nonviolent resolution of world conflicts.

The whole Neocon nutball chorus is swooning over him, having finally found somebody besides a craven chickenhawk to beat their war drums. After graduating from Harvard Law School, Cotton served as an Army combat lieutenant in Iraq and Afghanistan, although he spent most of his military career—two years—conducting funerals for fallen soldiers at Arlington National Cemetery. You would think that parade of tragedy might have given him some pause about sending yet more of our guys overseas to fight and die in Arab tribal civil wars. And you would think a Harvard Law degree might have given him some deeper appreciation for the American Constitution and international law. You would be wrong on both counts. Because Tom Cotton is a macho jerk with a dangerous messianic complex. A rigid, uncompromising ideologue with a thirst for conflict. An intolerant, ruthless, ambitious, bloodthirsty asshole of the highest order.

He first rose from obscurity with an open letter from Baghdad to the *New York Times* in 2006, accusing two *Times* reporters of treason for their article about a secret Bush Administration program tracking terrorist financing: "…these terrorists do not spring from the soil like Plato's guardians," he fumed, "…you have gravely endangered the lives of my soldiers and all other soldiers and innocent Iraqis here." Try to understand this, Tom: Insurgents fighting an *illegal* preemptive invasion and occupation on their own soil by foreign military forces are by no stretch of the definition "terrorists."

While virtually the entire rest of the world recognizes the Iraq invasion as an unmitigated disaster (the "greatest strategic blunder in American history," according to former general and NSA director William Odom), Cotton still believes, incredibly, that it was "a just and noble war" and that "George Bush largely did have it right." In what alternate universe could anyone believe George W. Bush got anything at all right in Iraq? Tell you what, Tommy boy, get your hard ass back to Baghdad and tell that to the families of the estimated 150,000 civilians killed by this interminable conflict.

On the Senate floor, Cotton blustered: "We should be proud for the way we treated these savages at Guantanamo Bay… As far I'm concerned, every last one of them can rot in hell." *Yo, you bad, Tommy, bad!* You are also one sick, sadistic un-American motherfucker. Because Lawrence B. Wilkerson, chief of staff to former Secretary of State Colin Powell, has insisted that many Guantanamo detainees were innocent men swept up indiscriminately by U.S. forces, or falsely accused by jealous rivals to get the bounty we offered. "It did not matter if a detainee were innocent," said Wilkerson—they just wanted to wring some intelligence about the village or region from them, using the most brutal methods. Amnesty International has condemned their torturous treatment and detention, and General Martin Dempsey has stated that Guantanamo is a "psychological scar on our national values." And we're supposed to be "proud" of this dungeon straight out a South American fascist junta?

Tommy Tough Guy's most infamous stunt so far was the letter he drafted in March to the leaders of Iran in an attempt to sabotage the Obama Administration's nuclear sanctions deal. John Kerry denounced the letter as "utterly disgusting" and "irresponsible," and two dozen editorial boards slammed it, even the *Wall Street Journal*. Well over 320,000 people signed a petition demanding that Cotton and his fellow Republicans be prosecuted under the Logan Act, which forbids any citizen, including congressmen, from negotiating with foreign governments. Cotton's letter implied that a future President might renege on the nuclear deal, although that would violate both American and international law, as Iranian Minister of Foreign Affairs Javad Zarif had to school him. Make no mistake—Tom Cotton has ambitions to be that future President, and ultraconservative pundits are already touting him as a candidate.

What happened the very next day, however, tells us whom this blowhard bully really represents: He was the guest of honor at a meeting of the National Defense Industrial Association, primary lobby group for military contractors salivating at the prospect of another profitable hot war with Iran, courtesy of Cotton's diplomatic sabotage. If Dwight Eisenhower were alive today, he would give this hotheaded ex-lieutenant a swift kick in the balls.

Cotton's Senate campaign was largely funded by Neocon mouthpiece Bill Kristol's Emergency Committee for Israel ($960,250) and Paul Singer's Elliott Management hedge fund ($165,000), also a supporter of Israel's warmonger-in-chief, Benjamin Netanyahu, whom Cotton admires for his "visionary and courageous statesmanship." Cotton is their cabin boy, and he wants to lead us deeper into the bloody quagmire. "You may be tired of war, but war is not tired of you," he blathered absurdly on the campaign trail.

He wants to toss more men into Guantanamo for "enhanced interrogation," expand drone strikes that have probably inspired more terrorists than they've killed, keep the NSA harvesting our private communications without warrants, station troops permanently in Afghanistan, deploy ground forces to combat ISIS, and jack up defense spending beyond the 45% of global military spending that we already account for. As with George Patton, War is the god Cotton really worships. He truly loves it. He never wants the "good times" to end. And neither do Halliburton, Lockheed Martin and all the other Daddy Warbucks corporations funding his political career.

To that end, he has become national Fearmonger in Chief, even suggesting that Hezbollah and ISIS were collaborating with Mexican gangs to "cross our borders and attack us here," despite federal officials debunking the claim as a conservative website's wet dream.

Cotton's domestic voting record shows where his heart really is, or isn't, presuming he has one: He voted against the Hurricane Sandy relief bill, against federal funding for the Arkansas Children's Hospital, against a student loan reform bill. He wants to voucherize Medicare, raise the eligibility age for Social Security to 70, and cut the food stamp program, because it's riddled with "fraud and abuse." All these savings would not go to taxpayer relief, but to build more aircraft carriers and bombs for our military empire abroad. But Cotton's fiscal prudence is not a wit disturbed by the colossal "fraud and abuse" in the Defense Department, the only federal department never to pass a basic accounting audit.

What drives warmongering assholes like Tom Cotton? Part of it is an egotistical hero complex: He vainly imagines himself as a valiant, prescient Churchill warning us against Munich naiveté and the next Hitler. *"The boogeyman's coming for your babies—but not if I can help it, by God!"* The other part of it: He's probably the guy that locker room jocks nicknamed "Vienna Sausage" or "Pygmy Dick" in high school, and he's been seething to validate his belittled manhood ever since. Utter the word *peace*, and Cotton's midget member shrivels even smaller, till it's as big as a bug on a salt lick. H

STARS & STRIPES FOREVER



Model Charlotte Stokely was stoked to land the cover of HUSTLER's 41st Anniversary Edition. "Photographer Piper Ferguson called and said I was the perfect girl for the job. I'd been waiting to shoot with her forever, and a shot at being on the cover of HUSTLER? There's no way I would turn that down!" Piper and Charlotte studied past issues and, with the help of makeup artist Claudia Orozco, came up with the winning image. "We shot up on Piper's roof. We tried doing the flag all with body paint, but the stars didn't look right. Then we tried using the stars that salons use to decorate fingernails, and it looked great.

"I kept the makeup on for hours afterward and had fun with people staring at me. They'd ask 'Why?' I wanted to say, 'It's for HUSTLER,' but had to keep it a secret so no other photographer would get wind of our idea."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PIPER FERGUSON

When Charlotte got the call from Piper that their photo had been selected, she cried. "I'm not too proud to admit I shed tears. I've wanted to be on the cover of HUSTLER for so long! I'm proud. Proud to be chosen, proud to be on the cover and proud to be American. God bless America, hot chicks and jerking off!"

TWITTER: @CHAR_STOKELY
INSTAGRAM: @CHARLOTTESTOKELY

GOD BLESS ORGIES

"Remember, we are all strangers until we meet!" That's not just a motto—it's a religion—at least for The Social Club in Nashville. Founded in 1980, this swingers' club recently sold its downtown location and moved to the suburbs. When its neighbors, including a private Christian school, called on the Metro Nashville Council for a zoning change to prevent the club from opening, the club got a permit to assemble as a church. It was renamed The United Fellowship Center and its planned dungeons scrapped for rooms designated as "choir" and "handbells."

According to their lawyer, Larry Roberts, church members will "meet and have fellowship" inside the building. Metro councilwoman Karen Bennett has sworn she'll be keeping a close eye on The United Fellowship Center to make sure it functions as a church, stating, "I've heard many, many people say they're planning to attend when it opens."

Praise God!



"I don't like tit for tat. I like tit for tit. Bring on the boobies!" —JAROD KINTZ, AUTHOR

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DON'T BE CLOTHES-MINDED!



Finally, government at work! The Venice Neighborhood Council recently approved a motion which grants women "the same rights as men to sunbathe topless on the sands of Venice Beach," reasoning Venice Beach was modeled around the "European culture of Venice, Italy," and "topless bathing is commonplace throughout Europe." Don't expect to see bare, bouncing boobies on Venice Beach anytime soon though. The motion still has to go to the L.A. City for approval. "I think it's safe to say that most of our constituents would rather we keep our eyes on more pressing problems facing our city," Yusef Robb, the mayor's official wet blanket, told Reuters. Martin Squires, a Venice Beach surf instructor, begged to differ. "I'm all for it," Squires insisted. "It's time that America grew up." In the meantime, check the Boob Map at **http://gotopless.org**, and circle August 23, Go Topless Day, on your girlfriend's calendar—hell, on every girl's calendar.

While no beaches currently *guarantee* an arrest-free, citation-free clothing-free experience, the following U.S. beaches have a long-standing tradition of knocker nudity:

- Baker Beach, San Francisco, California
- Black's Beach, La Jolla, California
- Laguna Creek Beach, Santa Cruz, California
- San Gregorio Beach, San Mateo County, California
- Dream Canyon, Boulder, Colorado
- Haulover Beach, Miami, Florida
- Little Beach, Maui, Hawaii
- Donkey Beach, Kauai, Hawaii
- Kehena Beach, Island of Hawaii, Hawaii
- Larsen's Beach, Kauai, Hawaii
- Little Makena Beach, Maui, Hawaii
- Red Sand Beach, Maui, Hawaii
- Kauapea Beach, Kauai, Hawaii
- Slaughterhouse Beach, Maui, Hawaii
- Moshup Beach, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
- Provincetown, Cape Cod, Massachusetts
- Gunnison Beach, Sandy Hook, New Jersey

ORAL ARGUMENT

A guy can get blown up serving his country, but if it went down during a year that happens to be a numeric euphemism for a certain sex position, he ain't getting a commemorative license plate for it—at least not in Utah.

Vietnam War veteran Arnold Breitenbach's served a 12-month stint as a gunner. A grenade attack left him temporarily blinded and with permanent hearing damage, and he received a Purple Heart for his service. This year Breitenbach went to the Utah Division of Motor Vehicles to request a personalized license plate—CIB-69, designating the Combat Infantryman's Badge he received and the year he was awarded the Purple Heart. Denied! According to *The Spectrum* newspaper of St. George, Utah, state regulations prohibit the use of the number 69 because of its sexual connotations. "They've got Viagra [ads] all over the place," Breitenbach told the *New York Post*. "In today's day and age, it seems like everything is out in the open." Breitenbach appealed the decision, but was shot down yet again. He settled for a Purple Heart logo on the license plate without the CIB-69 designation. As far as we're concerned, Utah's treatment of this American hero sucks the big one!



"Scientists now believe that the primary biological function of breasts is to make males stupid." —DAVE BARRY, HUMORIST

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Naming Names

A big thank you for adding all the models' names on the HUSTLER cover. You did this in a very tasteful manner, not covering anyone up. I know I suggested this be done, and I'm sure others have too. I almost forgot to say that it was really wonderful to see Memphis Monroe once more [*Crime Pays*, June '15]. Great layout.

—Bill Smith
Chicago, Illinois

Flynt Fanfare

I've read Mr. Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* in the May '15 issue several times now, and each time I'm so impressed with his brilliance and insights. I wish everyone in our country understood how true his analysis is for a successful civilization. Throughout history the group of people or country that has had the most advanced technologists, scientists and engineers has always had the highest standard of living, the most freedoms and the most satisfying lives. I suspect that our biggest problem is that we don't realize how important it is to continue to be the most technologically advanced country with the most technologically astute people in the world. Thank you, Mr. Flynt.

—Cliff Adams
Santa Barbara, California

Farts in the Wind

I've been looking through some older HUSTLERs and reminiscing about the part under *Asshole of the Month* where they used to note a few extra choice *Farts in the Wind*. There are so many assholes these days, too many to name I'm sure, but there are still plenty of Farts in the Wind. Maybe throw a couple of 'em in there from time to time to keep us laughing.

The quality of the last three HUSTLER magazines has been fucking *excellent*. The story on Sophie Dee ["Dee-lightfully Dirty," May '15] was pretty good, but if she claims she can shoot her pussy juices 16 feet, well, I think that's something HUSTLER should've made her prove for the raunchy book of world records. The Maya Grand [*Hot Dish*, June '15] was great. The July '15 issue is even better. The photos of Emily Grey [*Game Girl*] and Kenna James [*Blond Ambition*] are some of the best nudie pics I've seen lately. Catalina Taylor [*Slip Slidin'*] looks really fine, in particular the picture of her in the bathtub, using a glass dildo, with soap suds on her body.



Readers rave for Catalina Taylor in our July '15 issue.

The "Bad Religion" article by M. Allen Nathan is the type of great stuff that HUSTLER used to print about twisted cults and religious groups back in the earlier days of the magazine, and I'm glad to see they are still doing it because there is no shortage of religious nuts and quacks out there. Right on! Lastly, I want to say that I like all the *Charlie Hebdo* cartoons you've been running lately, as well as HUSTLER's own politically charged cartoons. The social and political material in HUSTLER gives it an edge that no other porn magazine has, and that is why I'm always excited to check out the latest issue. Keep up the good work!

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Spurt-Worthy

Alyssa Branch [*Fresh Cream*] in the April issue is far beyond comparison. Everything about her is lusciously delicious to me, especially her hairy pussy. Her young face is something for any man to behold. Every time I look at Alyssa, I want to spurt my load inside her pussy. She's something!

—A.B.
Tampa, Florida

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

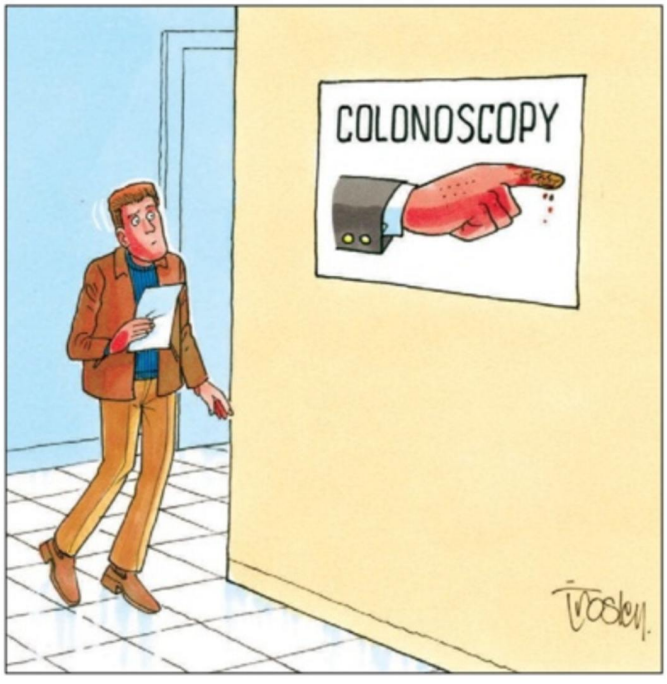
The Minneola tangelos are in! Fresh off the orchard. Best ones I found at local Kroger grocery store. Has sticker that says "Sunkist USA." A friend once called this awesome citrus fruit an orange with a nipple. It tastes like an all-natural glass of Tang. I think 50% of navel orange orchards should be replanted with Minneola tangelos. A couple of years ago I had to stop drinking Starbucks lattes. All of a sudden their lattes started turning my ass into Louis Armstrong. A long four-disc set entitled *A Kind of Anal*. Is it too much to ask for a lactose-free milk latte? It could increase sales by 30%. Also making enclosed office space a pleasant environment. All lactose-free milk, all the time. Tastes the same.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

Gimme Shelter

Having led a rather sheltered life, I had never read a copy of your magazine before the February '15 edition. It was the beautiful face and firm, round arse of covergirl Bailey Bae [*Wet*] that convinced me to place down my hard-earned pennies and purchase a copy. Opening up the mag, I wasn't disappointed. Bailey has the most inviting looking twat, and her backside is one of the best I've ever seen. I could happily eat that arse all day long! Kind regards from your new biggest fan!

—Owen Hollifield
Wales, United Kingdom



Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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"This has been a night I'll always remember. I'm sure I'll never forget how I wanted to fuck so bad, but your dick wouldn't get hard."


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MALENA MORGAN & CELESTE STAR

LOVE TO LOVE HER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TAMMY SANDS



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I like being with women, but it's better for me to be with them at work. Girls who work in porn know we're here to have fun. They're not there to attach themselves to me in some 'relationship.' Lesbians, they cling. One date and they're like attached. Porn girls go home afterward. In my personal life, I tend to date guys. What can I say? I like penis. No matter how realistic a strap-on is, it just doesn't feel like the real thing." —**Celeste Star**



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Romance is always good. Candlelit dinners, long walks on the beach and snuggling, all that goes a long way with me. In bed I like extremes—slow, fast, hard, soft. And I love watching lesbian porn. Just for the oral. It's wonderful. One day I want to have an eight-way all-girl orgy. I love being loved. I love giving it. I love receiving it. It's not like there's a limited supply."

—Malena Morgan


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MALENA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Bradenton, Florida** | AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-25-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER: **@MalenaMorgan**



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CELESTE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Pomona, California** | AGE: **29** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-25-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **69**
TWITTER: **@MissCelesteStar**

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Chick-fil-A, marriage proposals, dominant men, hair pulling…anal, anal, ANAL! We spend a day in the life of Ariana Marie, porn's hottest starlet, to talk about freaky sex, submission and how she likes her hamburgers.

PHOTOGRAPHY & INTERVIEW BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

[*Hanging at home.*]

HUSTLER: Do you watch your own scenes?

ARIANA MARIE: Oh, yeah. I like watching myself. It's more like I'm critiquing myself, but then at the same time I'm also getting off to it.

Where should we eat?

What's today? Oh, it's Sunday. Can't get Chick-fil-A today. Guys tweet me, and they're like, "Chick-fil-A's closed today. Now what are you going to eat?" I'm like, "Fuck you." [*Laughs.*]

So what's the fascination with Chick-fil-A?

I love their waffle fries and the chicken is good. I feel healthy eating it even though I eat it like too much.

You know what? We should buy some Chick-fil-As and take some sexy pictures with them.

Yes!

We're going to Chick-fil-A…tomorrow. So how did you get into the business in L.A.?

The first time I got to L.A. was when I did my first porn thing. And I'd never thought about coming here either. I was like, "I'm just going to live in Florida and go to school." But I didn't do that. My parents were never really pushing me toward school because I wanted to do it on my own. Then porn happened. They didn't know I was doing it. They thought I was modeling. And then they found out.

Did somebody tell them?

Yeah, I got an anonymous letter sent to my parents' house. Blackmailed my ass.

Was it somebody that you knew?

Mm-hmm. It was my old, old agent. My very first agent that I had. He was gypping me, taking 40% when I filmed. I know it was him, because he did it to other girls too. So that's how my mom found out.

Oh my God.

She felt guilty about not telling my dad. 'Cause I wouldn't tell my dad; I just didn't know how. She ended up telling him one night, and he just cried. My mom comes upstairs, and she's like, "You need to go downstairs and talk to your dad 'cause I told him what you're doing." My mouth just dropped. So I go downstairs. My dad's sitting on the couch crying. I've never seen my dad cry before. I come in. He just hugs me, and he's like, "I just want you to know I don't look at you any different. Tomorrow when you wake up, you're still going to be my little girl. I don't judge you for what you're doing." Then my mom goes upstairs and gets my HUSTLER Magazine. She's like, "Look, isn't she beautiful?"

Whoa.

I'm like, "Mom, that's not necessary." So now they're supportive. I mean, do they want me doing this? But at the same time I'm old enough. I have my own stuff. I pay for my own shit. As long as I'm safe doing it, then they're okay with it. And I do pretty good at keeping my porn Ariana from my real life. Some people get caught up in it. They kind of lose themselves. I don't ever want to lose me, you know? I do a pretty good job at balancing it out.

Do you think that will change if you move to L.A.?

It might challenge me a little bit, but I'm good at knowing what I want and what I don't want. The only problem would be me missing home. That's it. My nephew. My sister has another one on the way, so those things are what I would miss. But I do want to be out here and working because I'm ready to step up my game. After AVN—it's not that I didn't win Best New Starlet, but something was triggered in me. >>

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You got motivated?
Yeah. I'm not out here as much as these other girls are. I got nominated, so at least I'm being noticed. But I want to win shit too, you know?
Have you had any crazy things happen with fans?
It was really weird. A kid that knows my brother, he found out what I do. So anytime I go out with my brother, the kid is always there. He's always just kind of staring at me, following me around like a lost puppy. I'm like, "This is so creepy."
You should turn him into your slave. That's totally slave material right there.
Totally slave material!
How many wedding proposals do you get? I'm sure fans propose all the time.
Oh, yeah, they say like, "Oh, will you marry me?" I get that a lot on my Instagram. It makes me feel good in a way, but I just think it's kind of funny. Why would you marry me? Hell, no! [*Laughs.*]
Do you do cam?
I don't do it too much anymore, but here and there I'll go on for like an hour or two. It's hard for me to stay on for three, four hours, you know? I had one guy, he was kinda cool. He was like, "I don't want you to get naked or anything, I just want you to put your face really close to the camera and just do your makeup." That was it. That's all he wanted me to do. And he spent like fucking $80 on me. I'm like, "All right!" So that was kind of cool.

[*En route to Santa Monica.*]
Are there any sights you want to see in L.A. that you haven't been to yet?
Really want to do that tour stuff.
Like the TMZ bus tour?
Yeeeaahhh!



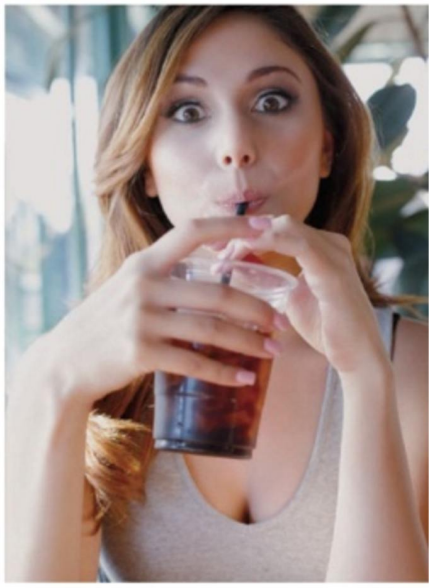
"Oh, will you marry me? I get that a lot on Instagram."

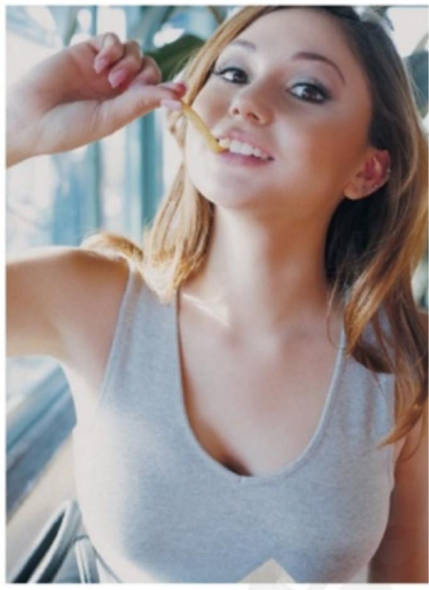


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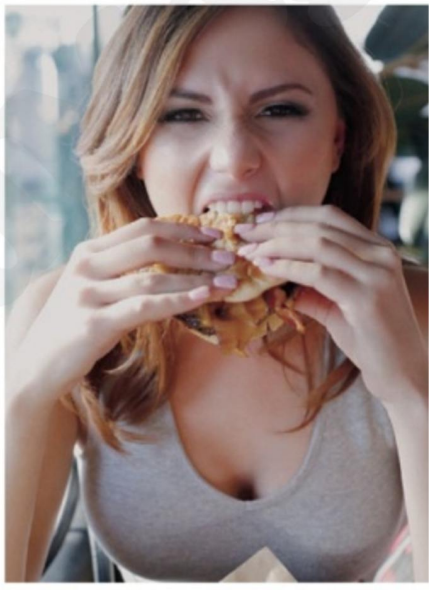


Have you been up to the Hollywood sign?
You know what? I hiked up to that bitch. Like my first week in L.A. And we freakin' went up the wrong fucking hill and got up to the observatory thing? And I almost died, 'cause I'm not used to hills and shit. I was just like, "Dude, I gotta stop. I'm about to roll down this damn mountain and die."
If you weren't doing porn, what would you do?
I'd probably go to school. My mom always wanted me to go to school for nursing, and I kind of wanted that too.
Have you always had a passion for helping people?
Yeah, always. I always help my family with anything. Bills…everything. My sister with my nephew, I'm always helping her. I'm probably going to help her a little bit more, with the other one that's coming.
When you're in Florida, not shooting, what do you do for fun? Go out to bars, drink and have the South Beach type of lifestyle? Or are you the type to kick it at home and watch Netflix?
I'm a homebody. I like to stay home, but I do go out here and there. If the weather's nice, I go to the beach. That or I'm just with family. I'm such a boring person. [*Laughs.*]





[*Lunch at the Pier.*]
I can't wait to eat! I'm *hongray!*
So did you always listen to country music?
I always kind of listened to a little bit of everything. I do like hip-hop, but I like country too, so I go to a country club. It's just all country music, line dances, everything.
Do you line dance?
I can do one line dance. Well, it's—
"Achy Breaky Heart"?
And then I can do the cupid shuffle, but that's it. And the wobble. The wobble I can do.
You should incorporate that in some of your feature dancing.
Yeah, I should.
Do you have a favorite follower? Have you made friends with any of your fans?
I met a lot of them at AVN, and there's a couple that were really cool. They just wanted to hang out and talk to me. [*Burgers arrive.*] I'm taking an Instagram photo. Mine's just cheese and ketchup only. Or plain.
Where'd your name come from anyway? Your stage name?
I was on my iPad, and I was just sitting there thinking, and I was like, "Well, what's a name that's away from my real name?" So I went with Ariana because I was in the A's, and it sounded pretty to me.
It is a pretty name. From what I heard, there's a joke about how you make up your porn name. It's—
The street you lived on and—
Your first pet.
Mine would be Montepue Brandy. People would be like, "What the fuck is that?" >>



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[*In the car on the way home.*]

What are some of the highlights from this last year?

Well, I got the cover of HUSTLER.

Yeeeah!

It was my first magazine cover I ever got, and then shortly after that I got *Penthouse*. Those were two big things that kind of happened for me.

What were you thinking about when you found out you got the HUSTLER cover?

Well, they called me, and they told me, and I was just super excited because I'd never been on a cover before, but I was also really nervous because my parents didn't know that I was in the business at all. I knew it was going to be on newsstands and stuff like that.

And airports, liquor stores.

And my dad works in an airport.

Oh, shit!

Exactly. But I was really proud of myself, for actually achieving something, you know? And every time I'd go to set, they'd be like, "Oh, you just got that HUSTLER Magazine cover." They were acknowledging it, so that made me feel really good. Kinda amped up my game.

What are your favorite types of scenes to do?

I like hardcore scenes. I like romantic, passionate scenes, but I'm more about the hardcore—grab my hair, choke me, that kind of stuff. I like a male performer who's more dominant. I like having a guy grab my hair and just tell me he's going to give it to me.

Ultra turn-on?

Yeah, it makes me a little more wet.

Does that carry over into your personal life? Do you like your lover to be dominant?

Yes, I like that a lot. But I also like to have that romantic, intimate moment with a person.

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So dominant, confident, yet romantic?
That's exactly it.
What are the biggest changes you've noticed in yourself personally since you started in the business?
In myself? Well, I definitely have a lot more confidence now. I know what I'm capable of, and I think I was kind of holding back a little bit. But now I'm ready to just, you know [*spanks hand*], get it. Hit it hard. Take it to the next level. That's my whole goal. Just do things bigger and better. Definitely gonna see some changes in Little Miss Ariana Marie.
So are you going to be doing a lot of feature dancing as well?
Feature dancing, club appearances, still shooting, just everything. As much as I can. I'm also doing a doll. One of those action figure doll things.
So there's going to be an Ariana Marie Barbie?
Yeah, like a little doll of me. Wouldn't that be cute sitting on your dresser? So that's another thing I'm working on. I have a lot of goals. *And* I might be doing anal this year.
Really?
Maybe. Maybe.
So is that maybe with a small m or maybe with a big M?
I haven't decided yet. I don't want to rush anything, but it's definitely been on my mind. So you'll have to wait and see! Maybe I'll surprise everybody and, you know, just do it one day. I have a website that'll be launching shortly too.
Is your website going to be only your content, or are you going to have other girls on there as well? What should fans expect?
Well, I think they should expect boy-girl, girl-girl, me doing solos, pictures, photoshoots…
I'm curious—when did you know that porn was for you?
Well, growing up, I'd always been that innocent girl that nobody really thought could do any wrong. My parents sure as hell didn't >>

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think that. And I just started noticing—I really enjoy having sex. Some of my boyfriends were just like, "No, I don't want to have sex today," and I'd always have to beg for it. It was kind of annoying in a way. Because why wouldn't they want to have sex? I've always been a little freaky but very innocent looking.

So you mentioned you had boyfriends. Did you ever have any girlfriends?

No, I've never had a girlfriend. I've kissed girls. Just messing around kissing them or whatever. But I didn't do any hardcore stuff with girls until I got into porn.

Now, you said that you would *maybe* start performing anal this year. Is that something you like to do in your personal life?

You know, I've never tried anal in my personal life. But if I'm at home and I'm using my wand because I just want to come or something, I will stick a small butt plug in my ass. But it's just so tight. I don't know if a dick is even capable of going in there. But we will find out. We will find out. I gotta stretch it a little bit. Take everything to the next level.

Nice. Well, it's been a pleasure, Ariana. You'll always be a part of the HUSTLER family. So many fans have written in about your photos.

That's so awesome. That makes me happy. See, that's what I want. That's what I want.

Where can people find you?

On Twitter @ArianaMarieXXX, and @ArianaMarie15_ on Instagram. I book through info@Sylvaria.com, and Randy is my model manager. Thank you for spending the day with me! H



PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO






KENNEDY
LEIGH
PAID TO PLAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS
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Not having a gag reflex is a God-given gift. Sucking eight- to ten-inch cocks all the way down comes easy for me. And who doesn't like getting paid for it? It's gotten so I can recognize the dick in the porn I'm watching without seeing his face—#pornstarproblems."

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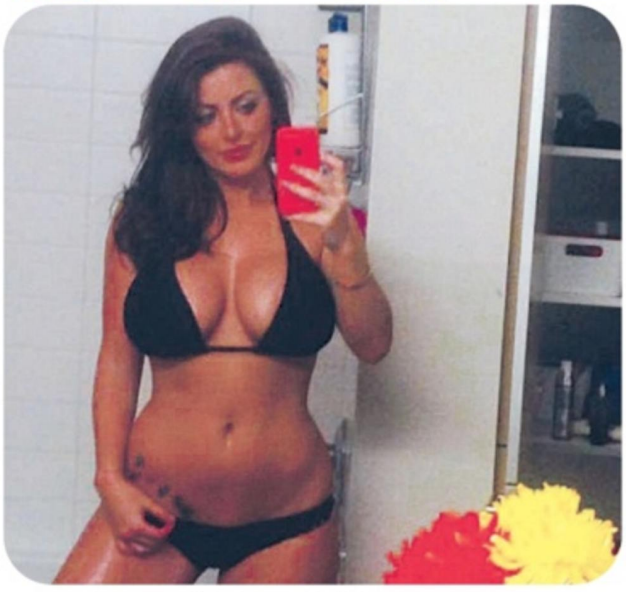
People come up to me all the time and compliment me on my work. It can be so random! I think, *Wow, all these people have seen my vagina!* I can be at the tanning salon or standing in line at the airport, and people recognize me. It's super flattering. It's not all about work though. Sometimes I feel like doing something domestic, like baking…or fucking in my own bed."

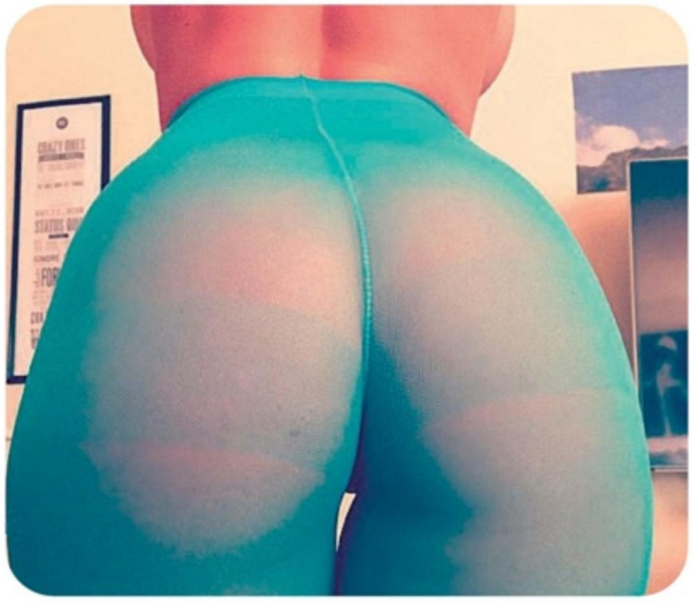
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Sophie Dee @SophieDee · May '15 Feature

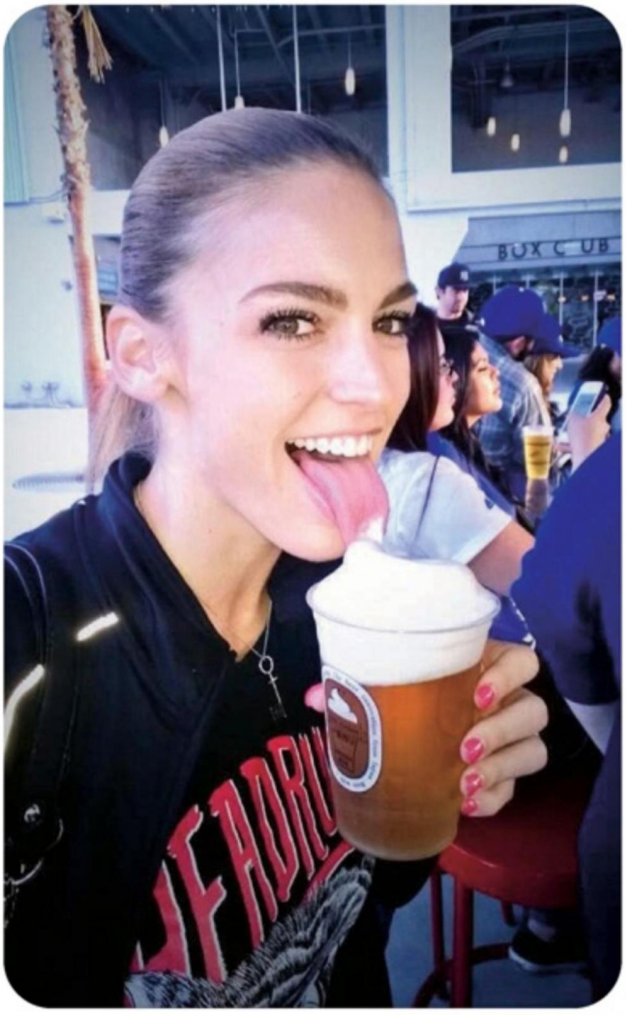
TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
59.2K	100	447K





@SophieDee

Smurf butt lol



@MissRyanRyans

Frozen beer and baseball, can't go wrong with that ⚾ ⚾





Ryan Ryans @MissRyanRyans · April '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
2,299	269	39.2K

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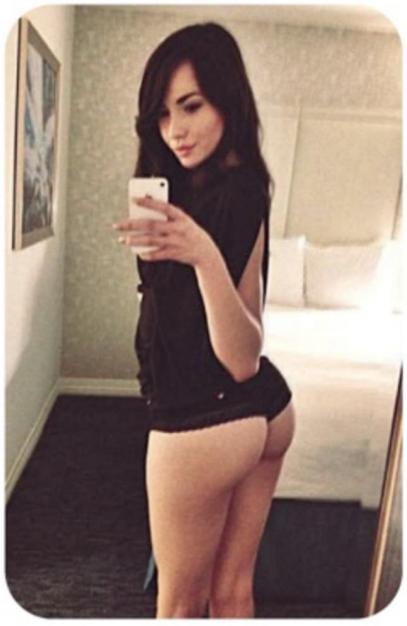
#selfies

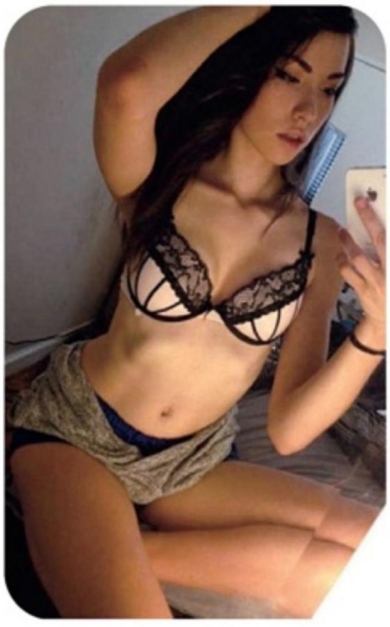
Edited by Kimberly Cheng

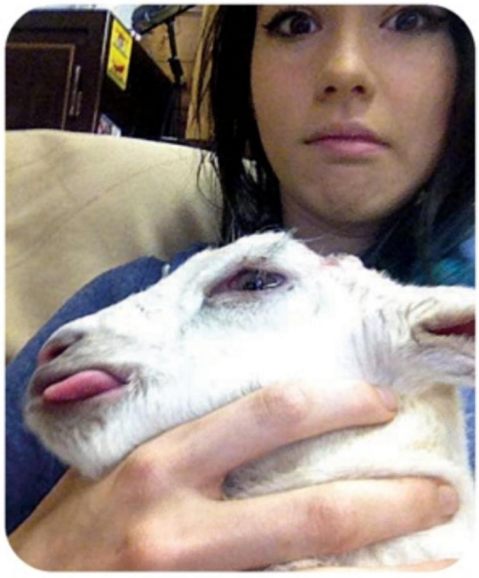
HUSTLER models aren't just beautiful. They're smart and witty, quirky and clumsy, sometimes insecure, but always ballsy. To know them is to love them. So we've compiled the best tweets from our hottest Honeys to show you what goes on once the cameras stop rolling. Enjoy!

Emily Grey @_5nowwhite · July '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
6,295	2,277	47.3K







@_5nowwhite

Don't worry, she's not dead. We have to give them an anesthetic before disbudding them.



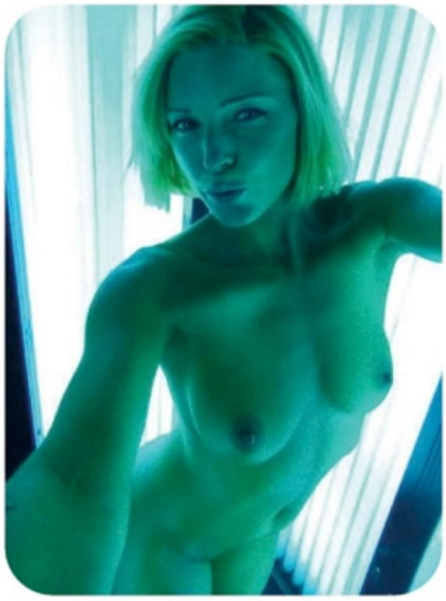
@KennaJames21

I got to shoot with Tara Morgan today!! She's soooo hot! 😋



Kenna James @KennaJames21 · July '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
5,873	453	34.4K

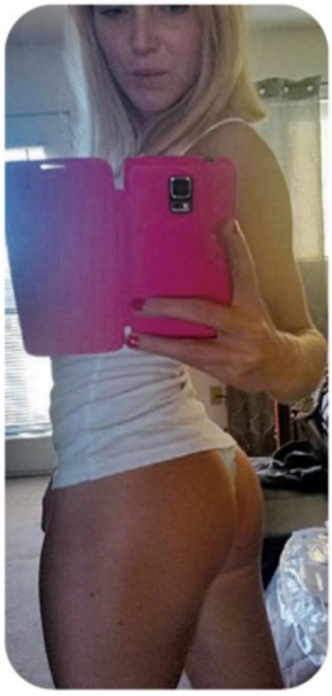


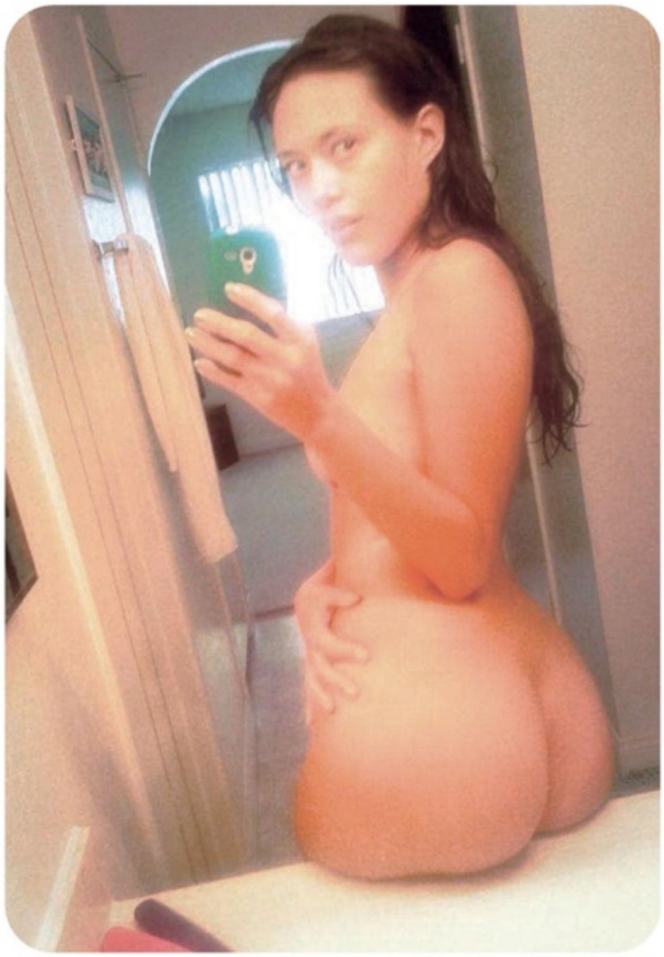
@NikiLeeYoung
It may be a blizzard outside but it's hot in here #tanning #sexyblonde

Niki Lee Young @NikiLeeYoung · February '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
5,637	969	16.5K

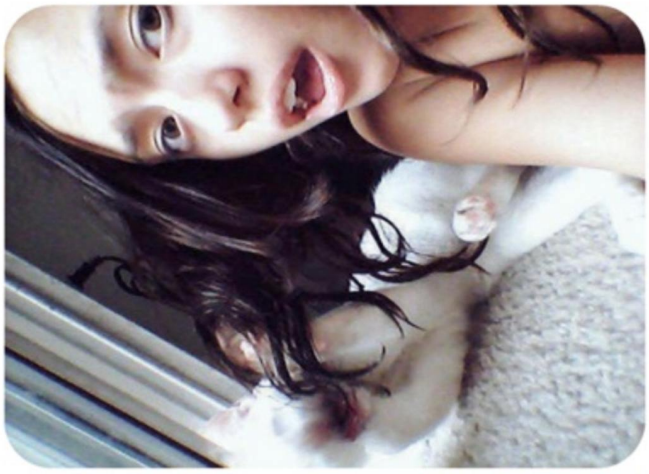




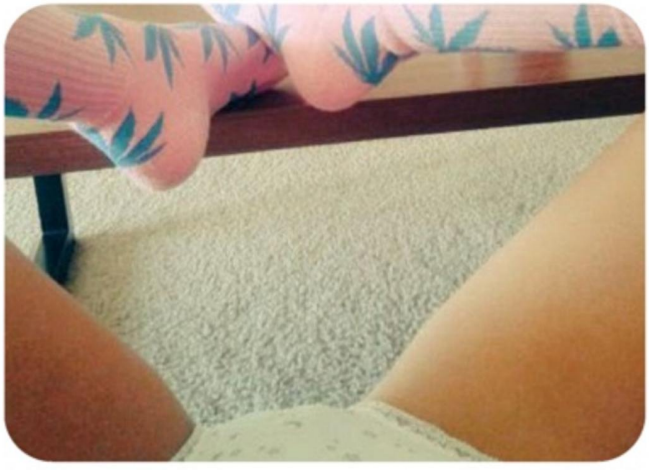


Maya Grand @MayaGrandXXX · June '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
723	187	7,780



@MayaGrandXXX
My cat likes to attack my hair #meow #Cat-astrphe



WorldMags.net

#sexyselfiecontest WINNER

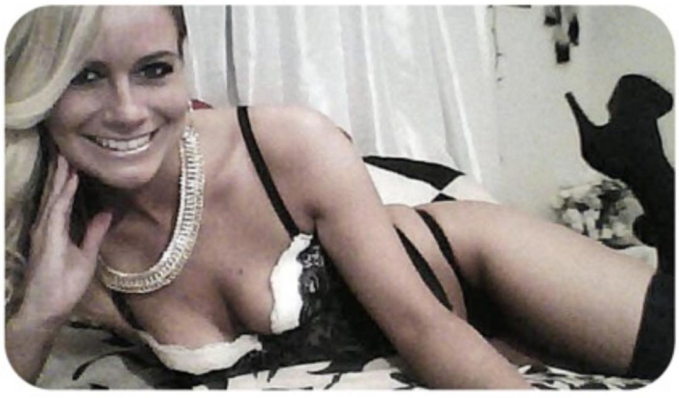
It wasn't easy narrowing the field of gorgeous entries down to just one winner, but it sure was fun! Thanks to all the beauties who sent in their pictures.

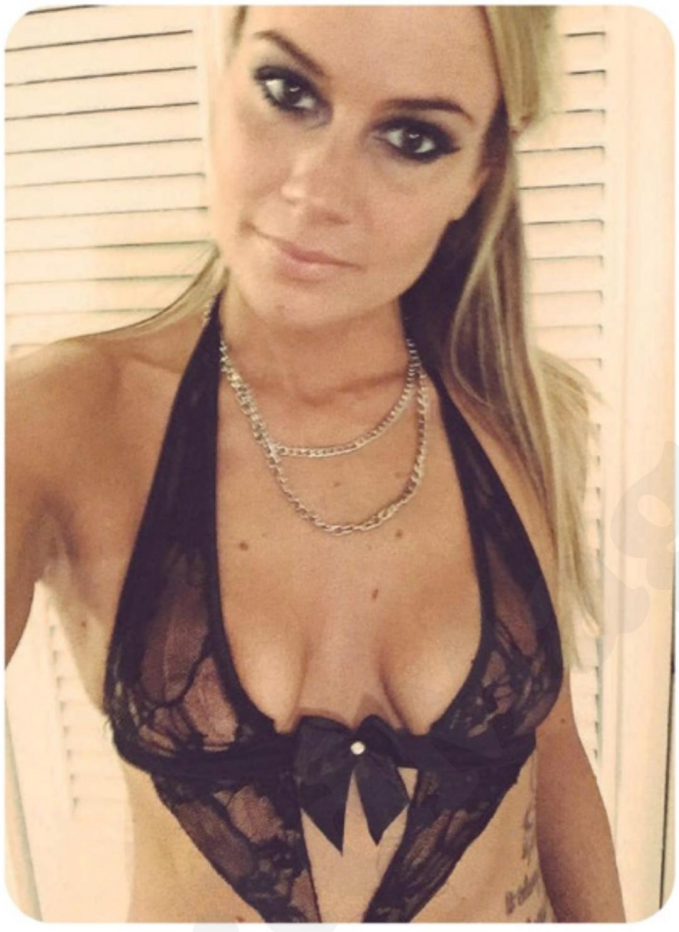


Kay Devon @KayDevon69

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KARLEE GREY

GOOD TIME GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NICOLAS SAGE

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Guys always want to touch my boobies. I get it. I love them too. I play with them more than anyone else does! My sexual fantasy is to be stranded in the middle of nowhere, helpless. No food, no phone. Totally disconnected from the world. Suddenly my top five lovers, the ones that I always dream about, rape me and take full advantage of every part of my body."

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I have great sex IRL too. I'm not the pickiest on looks, and I have so many different types. If you have a great sense of humor and a fun personality, I'll get naked. I can come over and over again if the spark is there. As weird as this may sound, I'm always happy. It's hard to get me upset. I wake up thinking, *I'm happy, and I'm going to kick today's ass.*"

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KARLEE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **36DD-27-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Spoon or any position where I can feel his balls hitting me!**
TWITTER: **@KarleeGreyXXX** | INSTAGRAM: **@TheKarleeGrey**

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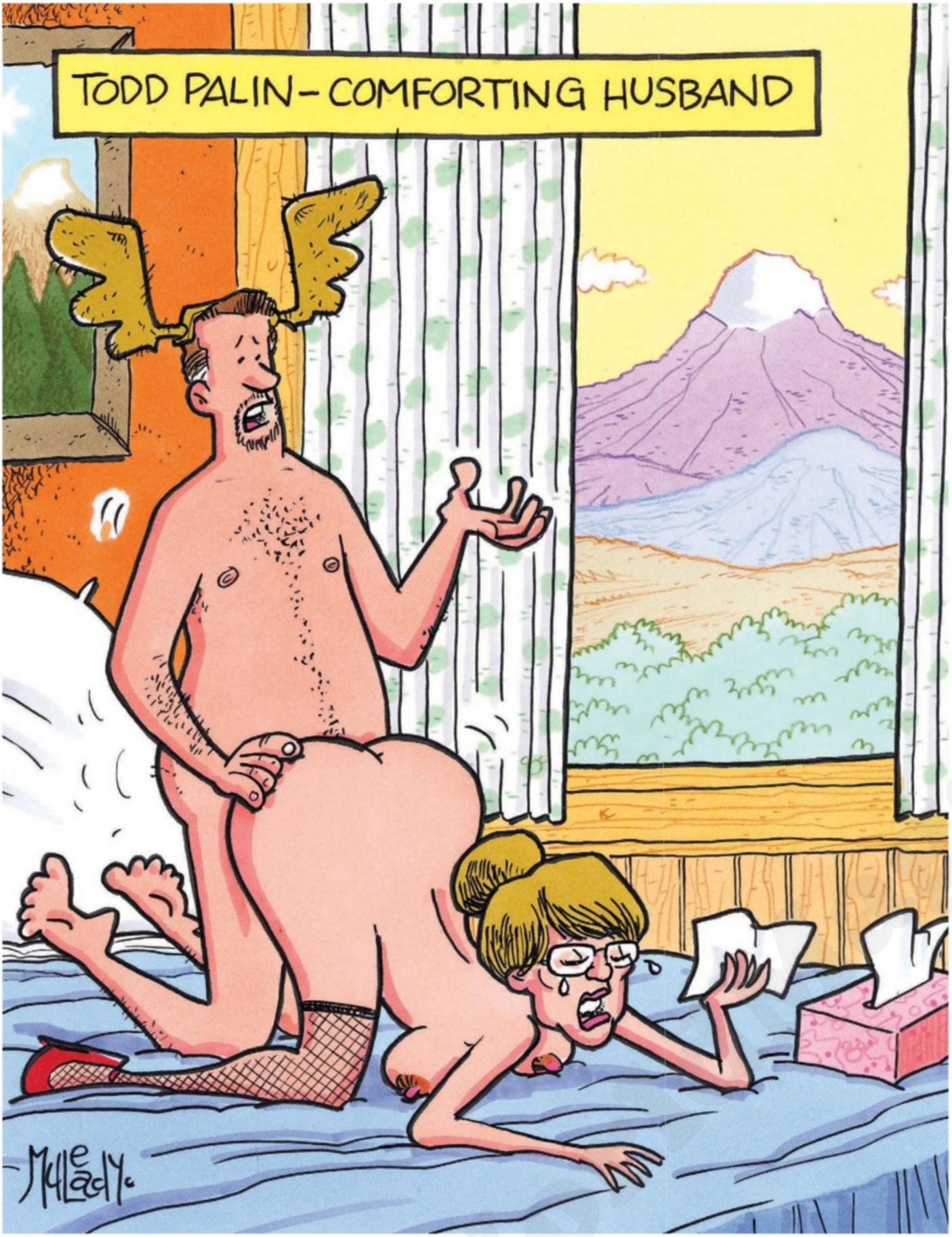
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"I'm sorry, Sarah. I know you wanted to run for President, but the public has finally figured out that you're just a stupid fucking bitch."



BREA BENNETT

HOME COMING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

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These days, nine times out of ten, I stay at home and paint and do my art. Or I'll play guitar, make up songs, cook for my friends. Even though I'm a homebody, exhibition is definitely in my blood. I love kissing. Making love. Showing my body. Group skinny-dipping is always fun! And playing with my fans is very important to me. I've actually hung out and had dinner with fans, because I'm cool like that. I want to be known as someone who's pretty normal. I think that's appealing."







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BREA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Mesa, Arizona** | AGE: **28** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-26-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**





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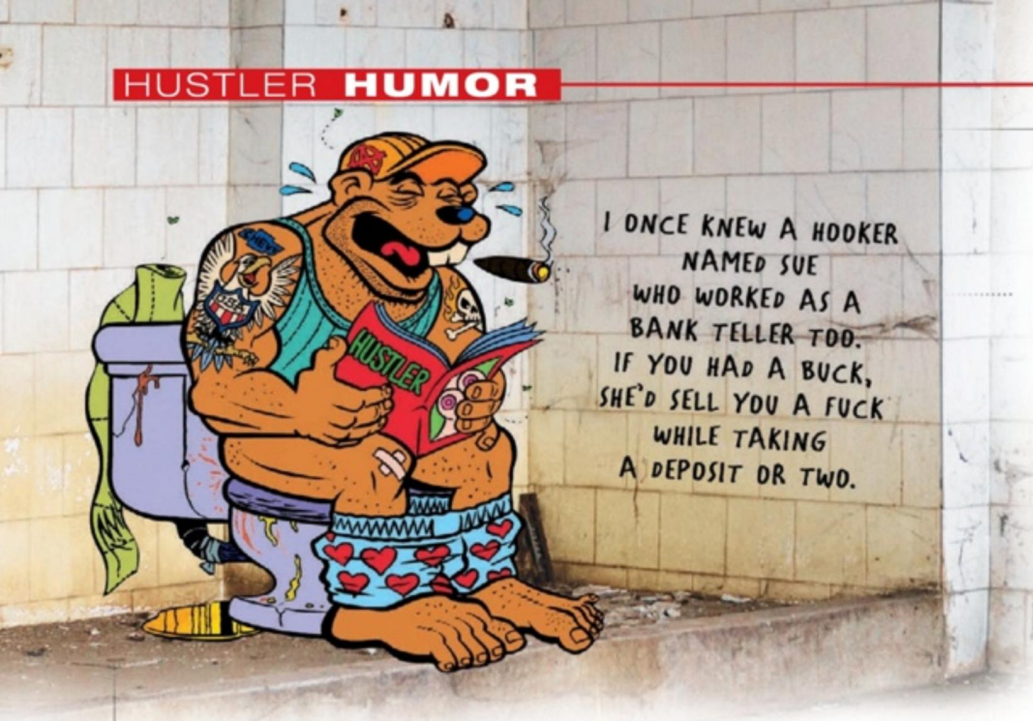






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A woman was in bed with a young man when she heard her husband Joe opening the front door.

"Hurry," she hissed at her lover. "Stand in the corner."

She coated the young man in baby oil and then dusted him all over with talcum powder.

"Don't move until I tell you," she instructed. "Just pretend you're a statue."

"What's this?" Joe inquired when he saw the strange new object.

"Oh, it's a statue," his wife replied nonchalantly. "The Smiths have one just like it in their bedroom, and I thought it was so cool that I bought one for us."

No more was said on the subject. Around 2 a.m. Joe got up, went to the kitchen and returned with two sandwiches.

"Here," he said, handing the statue a sandwich. "You'll need this. I stood like that for two fucking days at the Smiths and nobody offered me a damned thing."

Question: What can a woman put behind her ears to make her more attractive?

Answer: Her knees.

After finishing a marathon sex session with a patient, Dr. Chang began to feel guilty over the ethics of fornicating with one of his charges. He felt so troubled that he went to therapy the next day to discuss his feelings.

"Lots of other doctors have sex with their patients," his therapist reassured him. "You're certainly not the first."

"Yeah," replied Dr. Chang, "but they probably weren't veterinarians."

Question: What did the man say when his wife complained that he never listened to a word she said?

Answer: Nothing. He had no idea what she was bitching about.

A long-haired 20-year-old was hitchhiking through the Deep South when he got picked up by a mean-looking trucker. After riding for 30 minutes in silence, the hitchhiker finally said, "Aren't you going to ask?"

"Ask you what?" replied the trucker.

"If I'm a boy or a girl."

"Don't much matter," replied the trucker. "I'm gonna fuck ya either way."

A wealthy benefactress was being given a hospital tour when she passed a room where a naked male patient was sitting on his bed and jerking off furiously.

"Oh my God!" screamed the woman. "Why is this permitted?"

The doctor leading the tour calmly explained, "This man has a serious condition where his testicles rapidly fill with semen, and if he doesn't masturbate at least five times a day, he'll be in extreme pain and his testicles could rupture."

"Oh, well, in that case, I guess it's okay," said the woman.

As they passed the next room, they saw a man lying in bed while a beautiful nurse performed oral sex on him.

Horrified, the potential donor confronted the doctor. "What kind of hospital are you running? How can *that* be justified?"

Again the doctor replied very calmly. "Same illness, better health insurance."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



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HEY, BABE, THEY 'RE SAYING BILL O'REILLY LIED ABOUT A STORY HE DID WHEN HE WORKED FOR CBS. YOU THINK HE'S GONNA GET FIRED FOR LYING?
HELL NAH! HE WORKS FOR FOX NEWS NOW, WHERE LYING IS PART OF YOUR JOB DESCRIPTION.
WINNERS

HALL OF

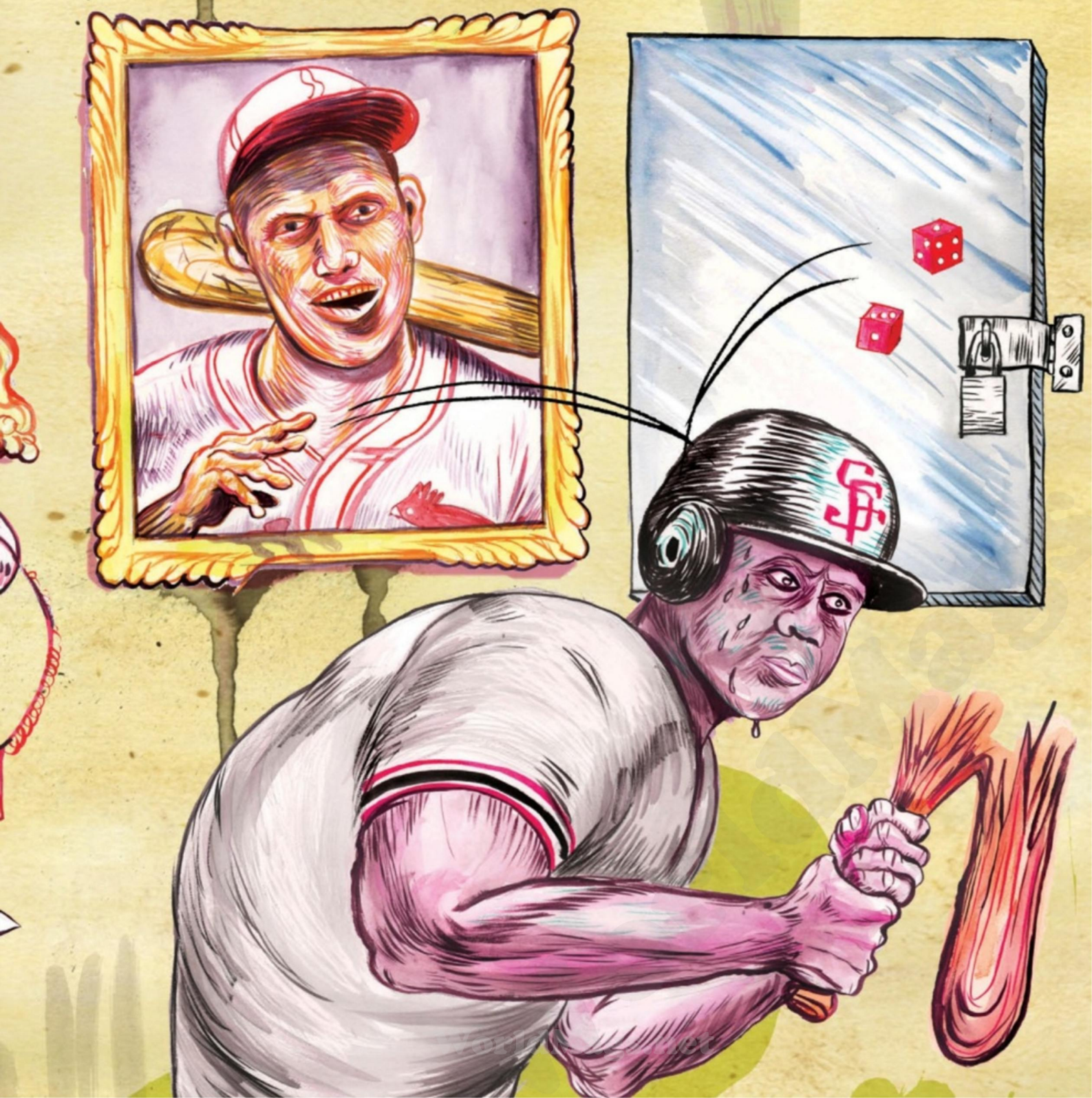




RECORD-BREAKERS BONDS, CLEMENS AND McGWIRE ARE ALL BEING KEPT FROM BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME. ARE THOSE PLAYERS TOO DIRTY FOR COOPERSTOWN OR NOT DIRTY ENOUGH? JUST IN TIME FOR THE 2015 INDUCTION CEREMONY, HUSTLER EXPLORES THE HYPOCRISY BEHIND THE HALL OF SHAME.

SHAME

ARTICLE BY T.S. FARLEY
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT KARL BLAKE



Baseball's single-season and career home run king has been eligible for the Hall of Fame since 2013, but the last three induction classes have decidedly not included one Barry Lamar Bonds. Instead, in 2013 the Hall of Fame inducted a class of pretty much no one, just a bunch of guys so long dead that one's entire career as a catcher was played without a glove. The 2014 class was "highlighted" by aged white-guy managers and two-thirds of a trio of Atlanta Braves pitchers (Greg Maddux and Tom Glavine), well-known for their annual playoff chokes. And while this year's class includes some fearsome hurlers, they were still known for coming up short in the clutch (Atlanta Braves choker #3, John Smoltz); a bad attitude (southpaw beanpole Randy Johnson, who wore a sour look on his ugly mug throughout a long and successful career); and one ridiculous Jheri-curl (the Dominican fireballer Pedro Martinez, noted for throwing the septuagenarian Don Zimmer to the ground during one particularly heated Red Sox-Yankee donnybrook).

Continuing to be flat-out rejected from Hall of Fame induction, however, are the aforementioned home run champion, Barry Bonds; Roger Clemens, the only pitcher in baseball history to win the Cy Young award seven times; and perhaps the greatest hitting catcher of all time, Mike Piazza. Each has been refused admittance—along with historic sluggers Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa—due only to this country's collective hand-wringing that the players may have used performance-enhancing drugs (PEDs).

The prevailing sentiment about these Hall of Fame candidates from "the Steroid Era" was best summed up by the dainty filmmaker Ken Burns, who said, "Those motherfuckers should suffer."

This fervent desire to keep PED users out of Cooperstown is the result of people like Burns insisting that honoring the careers of players like Bonds and Clemens would sully baseball's hallowed Hall of Fame. They believe steroid users didn't play the game with the "integrity, sportsmanship and character" that should distinguish a Cooperstown-worthy career, which would be all well and good if the walls of the Hall of Fame weren't already adorned with plaques celebrating every kind of criminal and creep, racist and rogue. Just consider some of the murderers' row of players currently honored in baseball's most august institution:



BABE RUTH AND TY COBB CIRCA 1941, PHOTO © EVERETT COLLECTION/ALAMY

THE LIP

During his illustrious baseball career (most famously managing the 1954 World Series champion New York Giants), Leo "The Lip" Durocher was accused of:

- Dragging a heckler beneath the stands of Ebbets Field and beating him with a blackjack.
- Joining forces with actor George Raft to use loaded dice and swindle some sucker out of $18,000.
- Befriending Bugsy Siegel and various other Chicago gangsters.
- Pawing at and bedding down pretty much any Hollywood starlet who came within arm's length.

In fact, Durocher was suspended for the entire 1947 season for conduct detrimental to baseball. Still, degenerate gambler or not, "The Lip" was posthumously voted into Baseball's Hall of Fame in 1994.

THE GAYLORD IS IN

With more than 300 wins and 3,500 strikeouts to his name, it's not surprising Gaylord Perry was inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1991. A tad shocking about the honor is that it was bestowed upon Gaylord after he'd admitted his entire career was one big cheat. His 1974 autobiography *Me and the Spitter* made perfectly clear that Perry's pitching success was predicated entirely on his use of the illegal spitball.

WorldMagazines

TY CHARGED INTO THE STANDS AND PUMMELED THE MAN, KICKING AND STOMPING HIM WITH HIS SHARPENED BASEBALL SPIKES.

WHAT A PEACH!

As good a ballplayer as Ty Cobb was, he may have been an even better racist thug. Career highlights?

- In 1907, not appreciating the informality of a black groundskeeper in Detroit, Cobb slapped the uppity nigra's face. When the man's wife objected, Ty choked her with his bare hands.
- In 1908, on a leisurely stroll from his hotel to the ballpark, Ty slugged an arbitrary black laborer in the head.
- In 1909 a black elevator operator got lippy with Ty, who throttled first that guy and then the black security officer sent to help.
- In 1912 a heckler in New York made the mistake of calling Cobb a "half-nigger," which led Ty to charge into the stands and pummel the man, kicking and stomping him with his sharpened baseball spikes. When nearby fans tried to point out to Ty that the man was handicapped and missing most of his hands, Cobb snarled, "I don't care if he doesn't have any feet."
- 1912 was also the year a would-be assailant made the mistake of trying to rob Cobb, who responded by chasing the criminal down an alley and beating him with his handy Luger. Said mugger did not end up with Ty Cobb's wallet; he actually ended up beaten to a bloody pulp and left for dead.
- In 1914 Ty burst into a butcher shop to complain about the spoiled fish his wife had been sold. While the owner apologized, his black assistant made the mistake of arguing with Cobb. Ty pistol-whipped the assistant in the shop.
- In 1919 a hotel chambermaid complained about Cobb calling her a "nigger," leaving the Tigers outfielder no choice but to kick her down a flight of stairs.

So how did "The Georgia Peach" do in Hall of Fame voting, you might ask? In 1936 he was one of the first five players to be enshrined in the Hall's inaugural class.

THREE STRIKES AND HE'S IN

In 1965 the Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants were involved in a close pennant race. On August 22, Giants ace Juan Marichal, in one of the seminal moments of this heated rivalry, swung three times at the head of Dodgers catcher John Roseboro! Fortunately, Roseboro was not killed, and Marichal's Hall of Fame career was not derailed, one little head-smashing incident hardly enough to keep this real-life "Batman" from a Cooperstown induction in 1983.

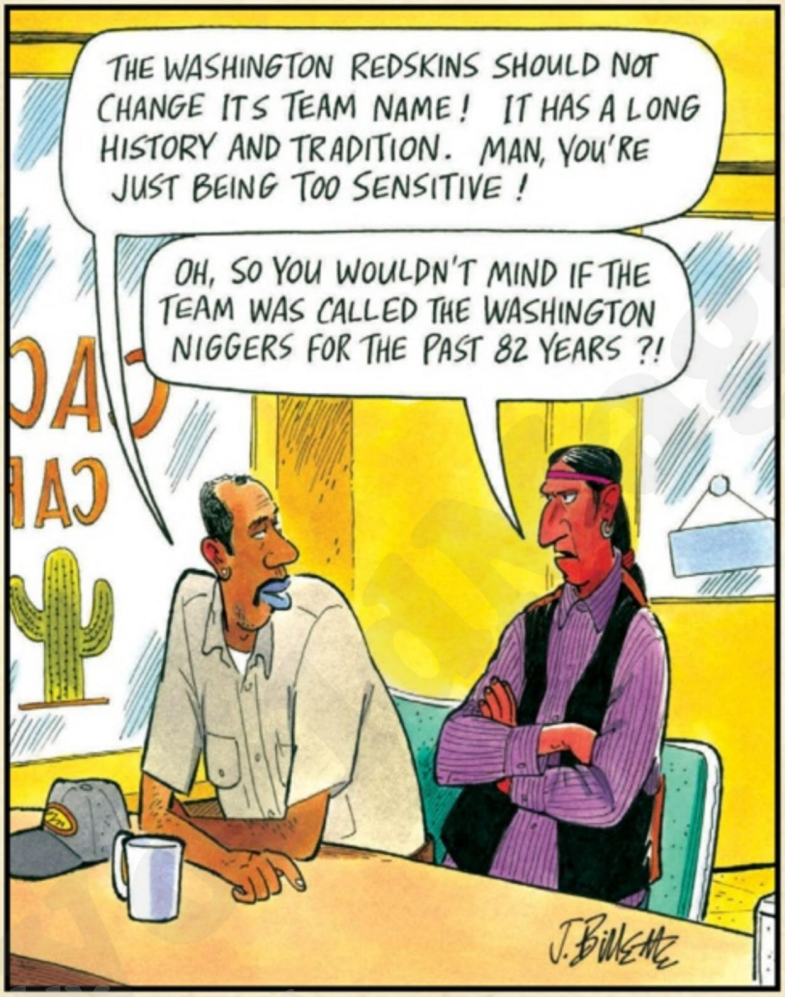
BASEBALL'S MR. CLEAN

It's hard to quibble with the inclusion of Christy Mathewson in the initial 1936 Hall of Fame class. Mathewson (aka "The Christian Gentleman") was always held up as an exemplar of good sportsmanship and good citizenship, as well as being a great pitcher. Of course, when a boy selling lemonade near the Giants dugout once sassed Mathewson, baseball's "Mr. Clean" punched him in the jaw.

FUN WITH THE LAW

In 1982 Ferguson Jenkins was arrested for trying to smuggle two ounces of marijuana, two grams of hashish and four grams of cocaine through the airport in Toronto, Canada. Fergie was elected into the Hall of Fame in 1991.

Known as the "Baby Bull," Orlando Cepeda had a terrific career, most >>



notably with the San Francisco Giants and St. Louis Cardinals. However, after he retired from baseball, his life began to spiral. In 1975 Cepeda was arrested at the airport in San Juan, Puerto Rico, trying to pick up a delivery of 170 pounds of marijuana. (Wait. He was trying to smuggle weed *into* Puerto Rico?) Orlando spent ten months in jail, but was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1999.

THE BABE KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT CHASING A FLY BALL IN SPRING TRAINING. HE RAN FULL SPEED INTO A TREE WHILE BLIND DRUNK.

THE BABE

That first Cooperstown class in 1936 also included George Herman "Babe" Ruth, perhaps the greatest baseballer who ever lived. The beloved Babe wasn't exactly a saint though, with a temper of his own and a legendary appetite for food, drink and pussy.

- In 1917 Ruth attacked an umpire.
- In 1920 he knocked himself out chasing a fly ball in spring training. He ran full speed into a palm tree while blind drunk.
- Five times in 1922 he was suspended for altercations with umpires. Following one of these incidents, Babe chased a heckler into the stands, waving a bat in the air as he did so.
- Babe missed much of the 1925 season from a "bellyache" that the whole country knew was really syphilis.
- He once crashed a car full of drunk passengers into a Philadelphia ditch and another time is said to have hung his manager, Miller Huggins, upside down out the window of a moving train.
- He also cheated on his wives in historic fashion, managing to bang other broads even when his spouse was along on road trips. And, in a move that earns him an immediate place in the HUSTLER Hall of Fame, the Babe was known to have slept with every single girl working in one St. Louis whorehouse.

IFFY HUSBAND

The pitcher Amos Rusie had a fine career from 1889-1901, but the "surly disposition" he was famous for as a player reappeared in retirement when Rusie chased his invalid wife into the street and threatened to kill her. The Veterans Committee apparently didn't have any rules against domestic violence, however, posthumously voting ol' Amos into the Hall of Fame in 1977.

LITTLE NAPOLEON

In the 1890s John McGraw was a fiery third baseman known for his willingness to do anything to win. McGraw spent the next 33 years as an equally cutthroat manager, most famously for the New York Giants. During his career he viciously baited opposing players and umpires and regularly traded punches with anyone willing to put up their dukes. "The Little Napoleon" was suspended "umpteen" times for fighting and during the 1908 playoffs was accused of trying to bribe an opposing team with an envelope full of cash. The animosity McGraw felt toward the American League president was such that he refused to let his Giants take the field for the 1904 World Series, meaning there was no Fall Classic that year just because McGraw said so.

Of course McGraw had interests other than baseball, most notably gambling. He joined forces with mobster Arnold Rothstein (of 1919 Black Sox fame) to open a Manhattan pool hall and spent a great deal of his free time at racetracks. In fact, McGraw was doing more than just betting on the ponies. As the 1919 season was waning, he and the Giants' new owner traveled to Havana, Cuba, to buy a racetrack/casino from a suspected assassin. John McGraw was inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1937.

THE STEROIDS ERA

So did the players in the "Steroids Era" (late 1990s through the early 2000s) cheat? You'd be a nitwit to think otherwise, with many of those players either admitting to PED use (Mark McGwire), being accused of it (Roger Clemens, Sammy Sosa) or friggin' obviously, allegedly, partaking (see Barry Bonds' head circa 2002). Still, they could hit and pitch the ball, couldn't they? And it's hard to believe that the presence of such "tainted" ballplayers could do much more to besmirch a Hall of Fame that already honors adulterers, alcoholics, drug smugglers, tax cheats, thugs, child abusers and, oh yeah, perhaps even a murderer or two.

In other words, Ken Burns should go fuck himself. If the effete aesthete really wants Bonds and Clemens et al. to suffer, he should keep his trap shut about the National Baseball Hall of Fame and just make those players watch any one of his interminable movies. H



CLASSIC CARTOON



"Whenever I'm with you, we do the filthiest, most degrading and disgusting things. I'm falling deeply in love with you..."



AXEL BRAUN'S SQUIRT CLASS

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: DANICA DILLON, NADIA STYLES, SARAH SHEVON, MADDY O'REILLY, VERONICA AVLUV, MR. PETE, TONI RIBAS, EVAN STONE, DANE CROSS & KURT LOCKWOOD.

With the quality of today's sex education in serious doubt, *Axel Braun's Squirt Class* gives students a good reason to study hard. The premise of the video is pretty much laid out in its title: A group of splash-happy vixens gather in a classroom and learn how to tap a gusher, with seasoned redhead Veronica Avluv serving as their academic guide. After an ironically dry lecture on the logistics of female ejaculation, a hands-on demonstration unfolds, with Avluv massaging Danica Dillon's G spot. Group study quickly ensues, and Dillon's classmates help her connect with her inner fire hydrant. A tattooed mook drives his divining rod into her well and finds ample twat water. Maddy O'Reilly receives similar treatment, her nether regions transformed into a sodden mess by the firm application of cock and fingers. But the real star pupil is dirty blonde Nadia Styles, who seems singlehandedly capable of curing California's drought. A tacked-on scene featuring brunet enchantress Sarah Shevon is the extra-credit bonus. *Alex Braun's Squirt Class* earns a solid B for boner-inducing.

—Pico D. Ribibi


DANICA DILLON

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DEEP ANAL DRILLING 6

THE ASS FACTORY. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: JADA STEVENS, BELLA BELLZ, ALEXIS FORD, CALLIE CALYPSO, KIMMY OLSEN, CHRIS STROKES, JOHNNY SINS & JULES JORDAN.

Debate has raged on in America for decades about the dangers of depleting our natural resources via excessive exploration. *Deep Anal Drilling 6* makes the case that some resources are best left untapped. The video begins with Jada Stevens and Bella Bellz in bikinis, shooting squirt guns at each other's turd cutters in an effort at erotic symbolism. Unfortunately, no such forceful emissions will be forthcoming from the viewers' groin-guns. Bellz, with her hard face, excessive tattoos, quasi-mohawk and overly ample ass, looks like a lost member of the Kardashian clan who's joined the freak show to bite off chicken heads for a living. Viewers will be hard-pressed to find their drill bits functioning as her shit pillows are breached by the improbably rigid ramrod of the poor sap who's been tasked with spelunking her bowels. The grim sight of trashy, trout-lipped blonde Alexis Ford rabidly deep-throating a bald goon likewise does little to stir the viewer's lap. Fresh-faced beauty Callie Calypso momentarily saves the day as she enthusiastically hoovers her partner's meat mallet. Despite that bright spot, overall *Deep Anal Drilling 6* seeks to hit bubbling crude but comes up coated in the same old shit. **—P.D.R.**



ALEXIS FORD



JADA STEVENS & BELLA BELLZ

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CALLIE CALYPSO









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HUSTLER'S TRUE LOVE STORIES: MAIL ORDER BRIDES

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARC X. STARRING: NATASHA STARR, CINDY STARFALL, MISHA CROSS, ANISSA KATE, DICK CHIBBLES, ALEC KNIGHT, EVAN STONE & OTTO BAUER.

In a world where the average guy's mailbox is stuffed with bills, court summons and notices from the IRS, *True Love Stories: Mail Order Brides* is a welcome arrival. The video kicks off with Natasha Starr, a bubbly blonde whose native tongue is indeterminate as she strides away from the courthouse in a bridal veil with her new hubby. In the international language of fornication, however, her message comes through loud and clear. First she sucks her groom's cock in public, then welcomes his crotch cannon into her poontang. Vietnamese enchantress Cindy Starfall chows down on her white hubby's meat mast like it was the last grain of rice in the paddy. Her pussy gets a hard dose of rolling thunder before nad napalm rains down on her face. Tight-bodied, redheaded vixen Misha Cross is delivered to America with a good, solid dicking from Evan Stone. She chokes Stone's prick down until her chin is dripping drool before savoring his shit chute like it was her first sustenance after a month-long boat ride to Ellis Island. *True Love Stories: Mail Order Brides* will have viewers declaring, "I goo." Order your own *Brides* by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**





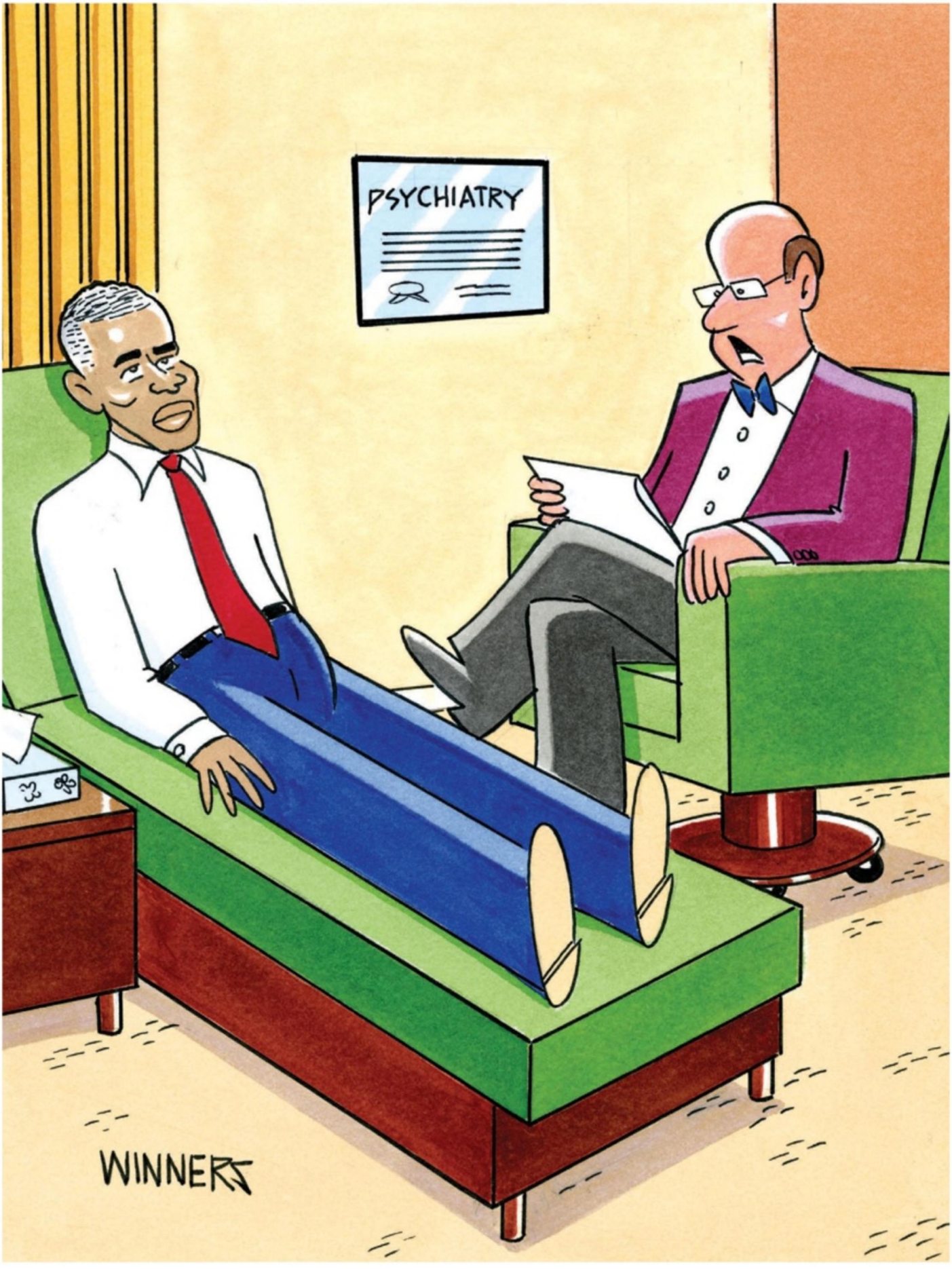
NATASHA STARR



CINDY STARFALL







"Yes, Mr. President, it's possible to love this country and still hate Rudy Giuliani."


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When I shoot a scene or photo layout, I can't wait to see the finished project. I just want to show everyone! It turns me on thinking that even when I'm sleeping, people can see me have sex. Maybe watch me teach girls how to eat pussy or give a sloppy blowjob in an epic blowbang. I'm really not a sexual deviant. Or am I? Gemini girls like me are known to be a bit crazy. Whatever. A few years ago I thought I'd be in Brazil by now, a sex slave to some shaggy-haired soccer player. But fuck it. Doing porn works for me. Putting myself out there makes people happy, and that makes me happy."

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WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN







LOTTIE NICOLE

"I wanted to be featured in HUSTLER because the human body is a beautiful thing and isn't something to be ashamed of," professes Nevada native Lottie Nicole, 21. "It should be embraced. Plus I wanted some awesome pictures to look back on when I'm 80 years old and my body's nowhere the same." The 5-foot-3 college student from Las Vegas—whose hobbies are modeling, refurbishing furniture and watching *Sons of Anarchy*, *Breaking Bad* and *Weeds*—isn't just shamelessly sentimental. "I'm a very easygoing, strong-willed and passionate woman pursuing a career in the medical field," Lottie acknowledges. She's also a devoted girlfriend: "After a long day at work, my man comes home to a clean house, laundry folded, dinner cooked and a rolled blunt after a nice back and foot rub. He's always well taken care of and satisfied. Once I'm comfortable with someone, male or female, I turn into a sex kitten. I've gotten many compliments on my oral presentations, and I like to spice things up with different positions and switching who's in control—me or my partner." Lottie's fantasy partner? "I'd love to have [*SOA* top banana] Charlie Hunnam fuck my brains out!"

—Photos by Casper Muñoz Photography

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Facebook.com/LottieNicole



Twitter.com/AbbyMay8

ABBY MAY

Next up in America's favorite amateur coozefest is a newbie model hailing from, of all places, Coos Bay, Oregon. Abby May, 28, used to teach English in China, but she recently packed up her grammar books for a new career closer to home and much more riveting. "I'm the bubbly, sweet, flirtatious and seductive girl-next-door at the Moonlite BunnyRanch [near Carson City, Nevada]," Abby May explains. "I love having sex with men and women I hardly know. I'm bilingual and bisexual. My most popular service is the ultimate girlfriend experience, which starts with an outdate to a nice restaurant and ends in a VIP suite at the ranch. Hanging with me will leave you breathless." Underscoring that vow is the 5-foot-7 Beaver Stater's wildest sexploit. "I was by myself in a Hong Kong nightclub one New Year's Eve," Abby May recalls. "After the midnight countdown and lots of drinks, I entered a wet-T-shirt contest, got topless and continued partying while wearing only a thong. God knows where my clothes were. I found a man to take me back to my hotel—that wasn't hard—and found out he was from Germany. He lent me his shirt, I hopped on his back, and off we went to find the subway. Hong Kong's subways are packed and bumpy, so we were standing very close to each other, and the guy was getting aroused. Me too! He unzipped and stuck his cock inside my wet pussy while we were pushed around by the train and our fellow passengers. I'll never forget that wonderful German who *came* to my rescue."

—Photos by JMR Foto



"I have a very creative mind when it comes to playtime."



"I would like to have sex in front of a group of spectators who spur me on while I am fucked hard in every hole."

CASEY DELUXE

"I like HUSTLER because the girls are all beautiful, and they love to show everything," declares Casey Deluxe, 29, from Dresden, Germany. "This makes me extremely randy." Besides eagerly displaying her voluptuous body, the 5-foot-5 fräulein chronicles how "a shy hairdresser who couldn't even enjoy sex" evolved into a brazen Internet goddess. "I live together with a really cute guy," Casey continues. "He loves my big, natural tits and often asks me to show them off to other men. It was my boyfriend who suggested I model. At my first photo session I didn't get completely undressed, but he wanted me to show much, much more. I did some private nude photos with my boyfriend, and I liked it. I had a big bush at the time, so there wasn't much of my pussy to be seen. But I got horny, and we had sex the whole night. The next morning I shaved my snatch, and we went to a friend who shoots for different men's magazines in Europe. He was very enthusiastic about my knockers and freshly shaven cunt, and posing for really nasty pictures made me horny again." Casey's enthusiasm is off the charts: "Modeling nude is my new calling in life. I enjoy becoming unrestrained bait in front of the camera. Now I have my own website [CaseyDeluxe.com] and an incredible sex life—and not just at home. I have sex with my boyfriend during breaks at photo sessions. We find a place to sneak off, and I give him a nice, deep blowjob while I masturbate. Then I beg him to take me hard before the photographer starts looking for me!"

—Photos by Mathias Angelov





"I love getting naked to entertain men, and the special ones can do much more than look!"



EVA

"No one ever has to beg me to take my clothes off," states this "wild and free-spirited" stripper from San Antonio, Texas. "I love being naked and making men lust for me. I hope that many HUSTLER readers jack off to my pictures. My biggest thrill is turning men on and getting them off!" Eva jacks up her own life with an array of kicks. "I like listening to Alicia Keys, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Jimi Hendrix, reading to expand my knowledge, going on movie dates—I never yap, but I sometimes do more than nibble on popcorn—and having lots of great sex," rattles off the 5-foot-4 charmster. "Do me doggy-style or let me ride!" How about a backdoor poke? "Oh, yeah!" Eva howls. "But it must be done slowly and with TLC." Eva's turning 24 in September, and she's hell-bent on celebrating with pizzazz: "I'll be wearing only lipstick when a fella steps into my private room."

—Photos by Ron Neumann

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BONNIE

HUSTLER doesn't publish a swimsuit issue, but we have no issue with a hottie willing to shuck her one- or two-piece for a shutterbug and bask in her birthday suit. Doing the honors at just the right time is Bonnie, who'll be blowing out 22 candles come September. "I'm funny, fearless and ambitious," the 5-foot-2 college student from Santa Rosa, California, tells us. "I want to be a HUSTLER centerfold, a Suicide Girl and a teacher. I'm known as a jokester, but I'm dead serious about doing all of those things." Bonnie has a few other things to reveal: "I have expensive tastes when it comes to food," she reckons. "Steak, crab legs and lobster. I mostly listen to rap, but I know how to keep everyone entertained and interested." Here's one example: "Tying a guy up and taking advantage of him really gets me off. Ooh, that reminds me. I *love* anal, but only giving." Bonnie will also take advantage of any opportunity to bone: "Fucking in the bed of a moving pickup truck on a trip to Bodega Bay was beyond exciting. Guess who wasn't on the bottom!" Yes indeed, being buck-naked eye candy with a side order of dirty talk is a piece of cake for bawdy Bonnie. Happy birthday and good luck!

—Photos by Kickback Productions

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"On my birthday I wanna party hard and be gangbanged till the cows come home!"

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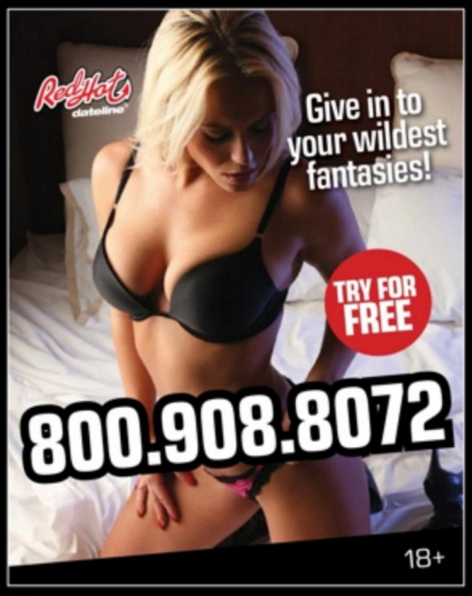
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It's the most secluded part of the beach," **Terri** assures the worried **Shelby**. "Now take off that bathing suit so I can devour your sweet pussy!"

The blondes' private hedonism is quickly interrupted. "Whoa!" Chris shouts, half-embarrassed as he hides his hard-on behind his surf board.

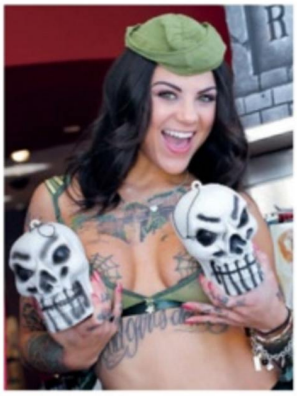
"You know, surfer boy, we don't mind sharing," **Terri** chimes in. "Really, what would you rather be riding?"

Chris drops his board and his bathing suit and answers the sirens' call.

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COMING SOON



BONNIE ROTTEN TO THE CORE

HUSTLER goes shopping for a Halloween costume with porn's favorite tatt goddess Bonnie Rotten and returns with a new appreciation for spiderwebs and zombies, not to mention a serious boner! Tricks *and* treats from a true legend in the making.



YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING TO HELL

Take it from demons Gary and Claude and their boss Satan, anal sex with the Devil is nothing compared to slaving shitfaced at a soul-sucking temp job. Reporter Lee Keeler hangs with the stars of Adult Swim's hilarious hit *YPFIGTH* to see what a second season in Hell brings. Will we ever see pretty titties in Hades? Stay tuned...



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